THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SUMMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The breath of the beautiful Summer
Is coming back once more;
And now we can raise up the windows,
And open the winter-closed door,
To let the soft wind from the southland
Creep over the carpet again,
With the birds' welcome chorus of music,
And the odor of pattering rain.

Sweet Summer! she brings up the roses,
Like miracles, out of the ground!
And on the old trees in the orchard,
Makes apples grow ruddy and round!
Loops up the red cherries in bunches,
On the trees that hang over the wall,
And scatters the grapes on the lattice,
The daintiest darlings of all!

Now oxen go out to the ploughing,
Knee-deep in the dew-dabbled grass,
And snuff up the odor of clover
And young growing wheat as they pass.
And in the green lanes and the pastures,
And under the blossoming bowers,
The brooklets are singing of sunshine,
And honey-bees dreaming of flowers.

Oh! poets may sing of each season—
The splendor of hazel-eyed Fall,
And the beauties of Springtime and Winter—
But Summer is Queen of them all!
Sweet Summer! that brings up the roses,
Like miracles, out of the ground,
And on the old trees of the orchard,
Makes apples grow ruddy and round!

Cleveland, Ohio.

ORNAMENTS FOR A BRIDE.

BY MRS. LENOX CONYNGHAM.

Around her head no jewels bind,
Symbols of pomp and pride;
Fresh flowers, through the hair entwined
Befit so young a bride.
No diadem should rear its weight
Above that child-like brow;
The future may bring robes of state,
But dress her simply now.

Load her with roses whose sweet breath,
Like memories fond and pure,
Bequeathes their fragrance, after death,
Still cherished to endure.
Heart's-ease shall typify her lot;
Her love by pinks be told;
And she shall have forget-me-not,
With its true heart of gold.

Give her no pearls—for "pearls are tears"—
To hang about her neck;
No gems betokening woes or fears,
Her youthful form to deck;
No opal with its changeful hue,—
That is "Misfortune's stone;"
No sapphire, by whose depth of blue
"Repentance" is foreshown.

Our bride in flowers shall be dressed,
Which bode no grief or sin;
As best becomes a tranquil breast,
And loyal heart within.
And we will wish her Joy's best wealth;
A life with blessings fraught;
But chief of all, the spirit's health,
To use them as she ought.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

What a wonderful and blessed thing is night, when nature withdraws the stimulus poured upon the brain through the little channel of the eye, and all the cares and fatigues of the past day, like sour nurses, who have been cross with the wayward child till it was weary, turn kind and compassionate at last, and rock the mind to sleep. "The blanket of the dark," Shakspeare calls it, and contrasts it with Heaven. Now, doubtless there is many a wicked thing done behind the blanket; but I see not why the misuse of any of Heaven's best gifts by man and man's passions, should take away from the value of that gift. The best boon that ever was conveyed can be abused; and we have no one to thank for the evil but ourselves. When God created the evil and the good, He permitted the evil, but ordained the good, and left man to choose between them.—Shall we blame God for what He permitted? Shall we repine that He left us free agents?—Shall we justify ourselves by thinking that He did not bind us while He created us, but left us to choose for ourselves? Let us rather deplore the weakness which we have engendered and encouraged in our own hearts, repent of each evil that has brought others in its train, and thank Him, who has given us blessings we deserved not, freedom which we have ourselves abused, a thousand guides into the right path to whose voice we would not listen, and yet has called us home at the last, if we will but obey the voice of Him who sent us forth.

Little children, listen unto me, and let not all the mercies of the Lord be given in vain.

The man who invented lamps, I think, did more harm than good; he extended the time of strife and turmoil; he abridged the period of repose and peace; he gave to active thought and mental labor more than their fair share of life; he crowded existence with act; he deprived exertion of repose. Some men, indeed, can cast from them in a moment the memory of strife and trouble, and find at once the balm provided by God for the daily bruises of the conflict. I know a minister who is so happily constituted, that after the most fiery debate, the most eager struggle, he can lie down and sleep as calmly as a child; and such a man was Sir Edward Langdale. The soldiers, when they locked the door, left him a light; but in a few moments he blew it out, and, stretched upon the bed, went sound asleep. He had, it is true, a wife, a son, a daughter, all prisoners in that house; but he had prayed God for them, and in Him he trusted. The darkness relieved the overwrought brain, fatigue and watching gave down to the pillow, and slumber visited him unasked.

It was past ten, and well nigh eleven, when the good knight lay down; and in the house there was many a sound for more than an hour after. Every room, every closet, I might say every cranny, which had not been searched before, was strictly visited; and the stables and the chambers over them were examined. The horses were counted, too; but they were fewer than the inmates of the house; and unless some one had already departed, it was evident that the Parliamentary party had possession of all who had lately arrived; for all the beasts bore evidence of toil and travel, and some were slightly wounded. An old man and woman, too, who had been found in the kitchen, were cross-questioned rigorously; but they merely stated that they had been on the premises for years. They had remained from the time Sir Edward and his lady had left, some years before, had been ejected by sequestrators, restored when the sequestration was taken off, and had seen no one enter the place since but Sir Edward, who had come on the fourth of September with his son, whom they remembered as a boy, and a few followers, and Lady Langdale and her daughter, who had come afterwards with some attendants. The whole party they described and counted, and on comparing, the numbers showed that the account tallied exactly with that of the prisoners within. All this did not take place without a good deal of noise; for the soldiers did not moderate their tones out of reverence for the repose of the sleepers, and sometimes a tongue was heard shouting from the bottom to the top of the house, when any fancied discovery was made. The leader himself retired to the dining-hall, and the cellar having been opened by a key which fitted all locks, proceeded to console the inner man with the best he could find. Food was not very abundant, indeed, but the wine was good, and to him it seemed to supply very satisfactorily the paucity of more solid meat. It made him not merry in the least, however. He remained grave and gloomy, muttering to himself more than once,

"We have been cheated, that is clear. The Lord General will be in a fine humor!"

But all the noise in the house did not waken Sir Edward Langdale, who had been accustomed to sleep in more troublous scenes than that. Indeed, the ending of anxiety and excitement, the termination, as it seemed to him, of exertion and expectation, probably tended to render his slumber more profound. He knew the house too well to imagine escape possible from the room in which he was confined; he knew the man in whose hands he was too well to think they would show mercy to a royalist taken in arms. The officer, however, waked and kept watch, while his prisoner slept so quietly, and his mind, at least, was evidently not at ease.

The sounds within the building were not the only ones which broke the silence of that night. Towards two o'clock, the galloping of horse coming along the road was heard, then the challenge of a sentry placed upon the terraced garden which separated the house from the highway, and then several voices speaking below. At the foot of the great staircase some one seemed to stop and talk for a minute or two with the soldier there on guard. There could be heard a deep, slow voice putting questions, and the short but apparently respectful answers of an inferior. At length several steps began to move up the staircase, and the officer rose, composed his countenance, and gazed towards the door. At length—for the new comers did not hurry themselves—the door opened, and a small party entered. The first was a man of middle height—rather above than below it—powerful and muscular in frame, but not at all obese. He wore a simple gray coat, with a plain linen collar, and a tall, unornamented black hat. His face, as far as features and coloring went, was decidedly coarse and plain, the features generally large and heavy, and the nose especially thick and ill-shaped; but the brow was massy and powerful, and the brownish gray eye, though it had no fire, had a world of stern, grave power in it, and seemed to menace and rule all it fell upon. It was by far the finest feature in the face, and those who looked at and could bear it, forgot in a moment the heavy nose and somewhat animal mouth, the coarse, greasy complexion, and the thin, straggling hair, and felt as if they had before them one of the rulers of old Rome. The whole expression, indeed—and it spread through the entire figure—was that of command. A consciousness of power was in every line and in every movement; and yet, strange to say, during the scenes that followed, there was once or twice upon that face—for a moment, and only for a moment—a look of keen cunning, ay, and at times a look of soft weakness. Such was the person who entered a step or two before the rest. Behind him were two Parliamentary officers, evidently of inferior rank. Then came a soldier or two, with a gentleman seemingly wounded, but who bore, in a cord passed over his arms, the evidence of being a prisoner. In their hands, too, but not tied, was the abject-looking form of the young Jabez Brown, whose low, terrified and cronching demeanor offered a strange contrast to the firm step and upright carriage of the wounded man before him, who, notwithstanding his bonds, entered with a fearless look, which quailed not for a moment, though it had no rashness or bravado about it.

Without a word, the first man who entered walked straight across the room and seated himself in the chair at the end of the table without taking off his hat. He sat for a moment or two in calm silence, and then turning his head slightly towards the officer who continued standing by his side, he said,

"Verily, Captain Lampton, we have had a long and a quick ride to-night, but we hear some good news of thee at the foot of the staircase. Thou has taken this nest of malignants and all that it contains, but is the news all good? Truly we must smite and spare not. Having put our hand to the plough, we must not turn back—"

He paused, but kept gazing at the other with a look which was difficult to translate, but such was the power of that rude countenance that Lampton, who would probably have fronted a whole squadron of pikes without quailing, stood stammering and hesitating unable to answer.

"Tut, man!" said Cromwell, at length, with a clearer brow than the other expected, "Never stand humming. It is an exceeding good thing, Captain Lampton, and a point of wisdom when we have matters of great moment to consider, which may involve mighty consequences, not to be too prompt of reply, and to let that reply be somewhat doubtful or in other words evasive, in order that we may have full time, yea, even while we are speaking, to consider and resolve what the final and decisive answer should be. The present is a mere matter of yea and nay. But we have heard all below, and know what thou wouldst say if thou didst but say anything. Thou hast not succeeded fully, and we have been led astray by the tidings of yonder ill-looking knave. For that reason we have brought him up here, for with the first light to-morrow, we will examine all the prisoners, and if we find that he has had some reasonable cause for his mistake—that he has shown himself merely an officious fool rather than a wily trickster, he shall have the reward of fools. If not, he shall hang. At present I will take some repose; but mind that wounded man be guarded well. He was found hiding in a hovel, and we have reason to think he is more than he seems."

As he spoke, Cromwell advanced slowly towards the door of the room, where Sir Edward Langdale was confined, and had his hand already extended towards the ornamented lock which distinguished it as the principal guests' chamber, when Captain Lampton interposed respectfully, saying,

"The master of the house is shut up there, Lord General."

"Ay, and what is he called in his generation, Lampton?"

"Sir Edward Langdale, I am told," replied the officer.

"Ha! Thou knowest him not," answered Cromwell; "and yet thou hast cause, for he pummeled thy troop at Edge-hill till they knew not if there were ribs left among them. But I know him. We have met likewise. Open the door, good Lampton."

The officer obeyed, and the light streamed in, causing but a momentary movement in Sir Edward Langdale, as he lay where he had cast himself down in his clothes.

Cromwell took two strides into the room, and stood gazing at the sleeping man for several minutes. Then bending down his head he took a closer look, and raised himself again and sighed.

"It is the same," he said, "it is the same. I can trace it there in the broad, clear brow, in the calm, resolved lip. Two and twenty years lie upon him as lightly as snow flakes. They have been heavier upon me."

Captain Lampton heard all, but comprehended nothing. He had never seen that stern man look so gently upon any one but his daughter, and he was much surprised. But Cromwell came forth and closed the door, merely saying,

"Show me another room, and let me be roused in three hours. I must be fifty miles hence by two to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was still night—dark night, and no light burned in the room where Sir Edward Langdale was confined, when the prisoner, who had slumbered long and profoundly, was awakened by some noise in the chamber. It was not loud; but one of those slight sounds which rouse a light sleeper more readily than a louder and long continued noise.

Sir Edward listened, and thought he heard some one move, as if uneasily on a chair; and he demanded aloud,

"Who is there?"

No one answered; but a step approached his bedside, and a hot, feverish hand grasped his.

"Hush!" said a voice he well knew, "speak low! It is I, Bernard March. They have thrust me in here, because all the other rooms are full. You were sleeping soundly; and, sleep, I fancy, is the best thing for you or me. We shall sleep soundly enough, ere long. Where is Lucy; where is Lady Langdale? Are they safe?"

"All prisoners, Bernard," said the knight, pressing him and. "But we feared that you were killed. It will gladden poor Lucy's heart, amidst all her sorrows, to find you still living. We saw you fall."

"Better for her and me, that I had died there," replied the Earl, "then, one grief would have ended all; but now, what has she to go through? For me, the coming fate is light. One blow of an axe, and all is over. But for her, poor girl, there is not even that relief. Would that I had never seen her. Oh that we had never met, rather than that I should have brought all this misery upon her."

He was evidently much moved; but Sir Edward answered,

"Fie, fie, Bernard. There be some griefs more wholesome, ay, and more dear than long hours of joy. Lucy may mourn—we must all of us mourn in this life; but the memories you leave behind, and the hopes of the future, will pour balm into her heart; and, please God, will enable her to endure. Besides," he added, "while there is life, they say, there is hope. But bad as these men are, they will not hurt women; and their greed of blood, God knows, has but too large means just now to glut itself."

"For me, the hope is very small," replied the young nobleman; "as yet, they know not who I am—but the moment that is discovered, my fate is sealed. As to escape, that is a vain expectation. I have a ball in my shoulder, which takes away all the activity I once possessed. I and my horse were struck together. Thank Heaven, he will never be mounted by a traitor! He served his master and his King till his last hour, and died, as I should have died, upon the battle-field.

Several minutes of silence ensued; and then, the Earl asked abruptly,

"How is Henry? Poor lad, he seemed badly hurt."

"Not so, Bernard," replied Sir Edward, rising and feeling his way towards the window, "the ball passed through his hand, and disabled it for a time; but he is young, when wounds either of the body or the heart ought soon to heal. His seems getting well already."

Thus saying he took down the shutter from the window and looked out. It was still night; but there seemed a slight diminution of the darkness, not exactly dawn, but that something less than twilight which precedes the harbinger of day.

"It will soon be light," said the knight; "thank God for it, for the most painful part of imprisonment is the blank, rayless night."

"It is like our fate, Sir Edward," answered Bernard March, "all obscure and helpless. What do you intend to do when daylight comes? What is the height of that window? Could you not escape even now under cover of the night?"

Sir Edward smiled, for the Earl's words showed the first return of hope; but he answered,

"The window is far too high; and even were it not so, I should not try. What, leave my dear wife and children, and you too in captivity? No, no, Bernard, I must wait and see. We shall soon know more. I hear them even now stirring in the neighboring room."

"Then we shall soon hear more," said the Earl, "these people are not long in deliberation usually; see, it is growing gray in the east."

It was so truly. Dawn had commenced, and Bernard March and Lucy's father stood at the window and watched the changes, from bluish gray to russet brown, and from brown to golden yellow.

The rise of the sun is always a beautiful thing; and I who have witnessed it more frequently perhaps than many men, can still appreciate that loveliness which never palls and brings always something fresh. But when we see the morning break, with doubt and uncertainty in our own hearts, as well as in dread or sorrow, there is something even in the beauty which is melancholy, in the bright coloring which is gloomy.

"Open the window, Sir Edward," said Bernard March, "I have been so feverish all night, that I feel as if I should be suffocated. A little fresh morning air will do me good."

"If we could but have a surgeon to extract the ball!" said the knight; but at the same time he opened the window with all that noise and rattle which old casements, and many new ones, produce under the process.

A soldier was instantly in the room; and, seeing Sir Edward and his fellow prisoner at the window, he asked with a lowering brow,

"What are you about?—trying to escape?"

"Trying to escape from suffocation in this hot room!" answered the Earl, calmly. "Look down there, my man, and tell us for what you would take that leap."

But while the man looked out, with a grim smile at the idea, Sir Edward added,

"Is it not possible to obtain a surgeon? This gentleman seems badly hurt."

"He is like to need a surgeon for his soul more than for his body," growled the man, and left the room; but as he closed the door, they heard him say to those without, "they are asking for a surgeon."

The reply was unheard; but a number of voices, and a great deal of talking met the ear, over all of which, one deep, sonorous voice was from time to time predominant. There were various sounds below the window, too; and soldiers were seen gathering, and horses led out, several men bringing buckets of water, or leading down chargers towards the neighboring stream to let the poor beasts drink.

At length, after the lapse of about half-an-hour, a sound of wailing and remonstrance was heard; but some soldiers pushed a young, ill-looking man out upon the green; his coat was stripped off; his hands tied behind his back; and some dozen of well-laid-on and tingling blows were inflicted on his shoulders with doubled stirrup leathers. He was then untied, suffered to pick up his coat, and driven through the gates in no very ceremonious manner.

All this time the same deep voice went on, in powerful but monotonous tones; and at first the Earl and Sir Edward thought the speaker was preaching, but then came, apparently, a quick, short question, and then an answer in another voice.

For more than half-an-hour the same course of things proceeded; now conversations, rapid and loud enough; now the tones of some one holding forth; now some little incident upon the green before the house—sufficient to call the momentary attention of the prisoners, but not to detain it long. At length the door of the chamber opened, and the same man who had appeared before put in his head, saying,

"One called for a surgeon. Let him come forth. A surgeon is here."

Lord Dartmoor turned from the window to follow the soldier, but as he passed Sir Edward Langdale, he silently clasped his hand, with a warm, lingering pressure, which seemed to say,

"It may be the last."

When he entered the great dining hall adjoining, he found it much more thinly tenanted than he expected. There was sitting at the end of the large table that stern, hard featured soldier who had arrived in the middle of the night. He wore his hat, and was making some notes on a long strip of paper, while before him stood, bare headed, but not tied, young Henry Langdale, with his right hand and arm supported by a hastily made sling. Standing a little further down the hall, wrapped in a horseman's long, loose coat, was no other than the monk whom the Earl had found at the house of his good cousin, Lady Janet; but the sight of him caused no surprise, as Bernard at that moment imagined he had been taken with the rest of the party. At each door were two musketeers.

Taking advantage of the single moment, when Cromwell's head was bent over the paper on which he was writing, Lord Dartmoor made a sign to Henry not to recognize him, and passed close by his side without a word or a second glance.

Cromwell looked up, ran his eye over the form of the Cavalier from head to foot; and then turned to Henry again, resuming an examination which seemed to have commenced before.

"Verily, thou art bold, boy," he said, "to own that thou wert at Worcester and did'st thy best—it was but little, I wot—to frustrate God's crowning mercy to this poor army of England."

"What was the use of denying it, sir?" said Henry Langdale.

"That is true, too," answered Cromwell. "I see thou tellest the truth, and that is something in these days, when the father of lies is busy about the land—specially in the camp and resort of the Cavaliers."

Henry bit his lip and colored a good deal; but Cromwell went on saying,

"Yet, thou art a mere boy, and hast not beard enough to dull the edge of the axe. Where wert thou born?"

"In France," answered the lad; and then with a more rapid combination of ideas and a just appreciation of the circumstances than might have been expected, he added, "many years ago my father aided the poor Protestants of Rochelle, and settled in France. There was I born."

"Ha!" said the General. "Ha! and who is or was thy father?"

Henry Langdale's cheek turned pale; but he felt that to attempt concealment was vain, and he answered boldly, and with a look of pride,

"Sir Edward Langdale, of Buckley, a true Christian, and a good soldier."

Cromwell for a minute or two uttered not a word; but sat and gazed at the youth in silence, without a shade crossing his countenance which could afford any indication of the affection of his mind. At length he said,

"Where is thy father?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Henry; "he was here last night, and fell into the hands of your men."

"He is in there, my Lord General," said the man who stood by; and Cromwell instantly turned his face towards the Earl.

"And who art thou?" asked the great usurper, seemingly taking no note of what the soldier had said. "Thy face comes upon me as something I have seen in a dream. Nay, answer not. Let me try if I can unravel the tangled skein that events weave with events through a long and troublesome life till, at first sight, all seems knots and intricacies. We employ labor and skill to untwist the threads—often in vain—but then we grow impatient and we cut them. Did I ever see thee before?"

"I cannot tell," said Lord Dartmoor, "but if so, not near enough to know me. Had we been so near, it were unlikely that you and I had met here to-day."

"Even so!" said Cromwell, "thou art then, one of those rash and heedless men who carry private passion into public contests, who see in the open adversary, the individual foe, and become assassins rather than soldiers."

"Not so," exclaimed Lord Dartmoor, interrupting him, "so heaven help me, as I looked upon you—as I look upon you now, but as the public enemy, and would have slain you as a duty, long ere this, had heaven given me the opportunity of doing so, openly, man to man. But had we met, where I had you at disadvantage, though your death had saved the Kingdom, I would have spared you."

"Even as David spared Saul in the cave of Engedi," said Cromwell, with somewhat of a sneer in his tone; "but I am in David's place now, and thou in Saul's. The case being somewhat reversed, maketh a great difference, young man." It is for me to spare or not, as God gives me judgment. What is thy name? Answer quickly."

"My name is Bernard March, Earl of Dartmoor," answered the young nobleman at once. "I am not ashamed of that name, nor afraid to own it, even in these bonds."

"The Earl of Dartmoor!" cried Cromwell, half starting up and then restating himself. "So young! so fair! and yet so terrible a disturber of the peace of England. Where are thy wounds, thy scars, the marks of thy many battles? Where Newbury, Edge-hill, and Marston Moor. Thine, like mine, has been a life of battles, but I am worn and weary with the strife—thou art a boy. Where are the marks of all thou has done, I say!"

He elevated his voice, as he asked the last question, and spoke with vehement rapidity.

"Here!" said the Earl, laying his hand upon his heart, and then, in a calmer voice, he added, "General Cromwell, it is vain for us to bandy words. Did great success afford any true indication of God's approval, you are right, and I am wrong; yet of one thing be sure, that if you have acted conscientiously, and believed that all you did was for his good service who made us both, and that the little power he grants to mortal men was employed to do his will, believe at least this, that such was also the case with me, and that, with the lights which I possess, were the same to come over again, and with the same results, I would act as I have done."

"Well spoken!" answered Cromwell, with an inclination of his head, "and perchance true. Yet thou must die, young man. For the peace of this Commonwealth, thou must die."

"So be it!" said the Earl.

"Yet I would not," continued the Lord General, "that men should say, I took a wounded man and refused him a surgeon's aid. That man, there, who was brought in this morning, boasts of some leech's skill, and seems to have treated yonder boy's hand with discretion. He will attend to thy wounds. Look to him, sirrah, and give him what relief you can.

"Let that young man go," he continued, speaking to the soldier near: "he is but a boy, and has committed a boy's error. They say his mother and sister are here. Let them go, too, whither they will. He can go with them. We do not make war on women and boys."

The soldier, who seemed much in his confidence, spoke a word in his ear. "True!" he said, "mighty true. It is a point of policy, when we find a pile of vipers' eggs on a dunghill to crush the reptiles in the egg—if the mixen be not too large; but if it be, we waste our time, good Everard. England is large, man; and, if we went over it all, trampling on the young of the snake, we should never have done. Besides, we should take upon us what Heaven reserves for itself. Some may prove harmless, some be eaten up by the fowls of the air, some be crushed by the feet of passers by, few grow to maturity. Let them go, I say; but first take this youth's word that he never bears arms against the Commonwealth of England again. You may take his word. No need to swear him. These men keep their words—'tis a virtue, though a solitary one. No words! begone."

Cromwell bent his head over the table, and for some minutes seemed lost in thought. He saw, indeed, much that was passing before him. He beheld the Earl of Dartmoor seat himself calmly in a chair and bare his shoulder, while the monk, with somewhat rude instruments of surgery, proceeded to the painful operation of extracting the ball from the shoulder, sometimes bending over him and speaking a word or two in his ear, sometimes devoting himself entirely to his task. The General marked not with any great attention, but he did see and notice that the young nobleman sat unbeld and firm, while the other probed the wound and searched for the ball, and then draw forth the bullet with what seemed a painful wrench. He marked, too, that there was no resistance, no motion of the limbs, though a slight shudder of the flesh of the arm showed that the patient suffered.

"A dangerous man!" thought Cromwell, "but a brave!" Then, turning to the soldier, he said, "Bring forth the other prisoner. He is the last, I think. Stay. Order my horse, and tell the officer commanding, that we march in an hour. Verily the poor beasts must eat, ay, and the men, too, must partake of those creature comforts which have been vouchsafed

to restore our strength after the heavy labor which is sometimes needful to obtain His blessings who willed at the first that we should eat bread by the sweat of our brow. We ourselves, though no sickly girl, to fear some small fatigue, are not so lithe and enduring of limb as we were in days of yore—but, talking of girls, see that the young man whom we have just dismissed, have his horse restored; likewise the women's horses, and let them ride forth with all the other men—those who have passed before us, I would say—the common men. Make no mistake. The youth, and the women, and serving folk. Let them to horse quickly and begone, and take their way towards St. Neots, with good safe-conducts. They can rest there, for a day, and then pass the sea. We remember that St. Neots well. They brew not good beer there, but they drink it, brewed elsewhere. Thou understandest. Begone; let there be no mistakes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The apparent failure of Austria to follow up her first bold movement upon Sardinia, by a series of corresponding movements, naturally gives rise to many surmises, as well in England as in the United States. Some suppose that Hungary is in insurrection—others that the Hungarian portions of the invading army are not to be relied upon—others that the Hungarian commander of the Austrian army is playing false—others, with a somewhat greater degree of probability, that the state of feeling in Lombardy is such that a large portion of the Army destined for the invasion of Sardinia, cannot be spared from that province—and others, and they are the greater number, that the felling of the trees along the roads, and the inundating of the country wherever it is possible, by the Sardinians, have placed an effectual barrier so far against the Austrian advance.

For our own part, we do not pretend to understand the matter at all. We grant it inexplicable, and there pause. That the Austrian commanders comprehend the importance of rapid and energetic action as fully as we do, we are well convinced. If they delay, it doubtless is owing to very good reasons—either of necessity, or of policy. Probably a little time and patience will clear up this mystery like most others. Whatever may be the true explanation of the delay, however, that delay itself, one would think, could hardly fail to be favorable to the Sardinian cause. Time is afforded for the French troops to reinforce Sardinia—an undertaking which seems to be attended with considerable difficulty and suffering, so far as the crossing of the Alpine ranges is concerned.

It may be that the seeming inaction of the Austrian forces is explained by the opening of fresh negotiations in behalf of peace by Russia, Prussia and England. One thing is certain, there have been a decline in breadstuffs, and a rise in stocks and cotton, in England. These changes may mean nothing—and yet they may also mean something.

For our own part, anticipating no real gain to Italy or mankind from the result of the war with which Europe is now menaced, we shall be rejoiced to hear that all parties have come to their senses. The very spirit and organization of war is necessarily so despotic and centralizing, that Constitutional Liberty is seldom the result of its triumphs. Thus we see that in Sardinia, the very first movement has been to throw aside their representative government, and give their sovereign Dictatorial power. Should the war prove a long one, Victor Emanuel may grow so accustomed to the exercise of absolute and unchecked dominion, as not to be willing to submit again into a simple, constitutional king. It may be argued that the necessities of the war required this thing—but we like not this "giving up," as the Irish orator said, "of all one's rights to preserve the rest." In our Revolution, a proposition to create a Dictatorship, would have been considered equivalent to treason. And the facility with which a Dictatorship was established in Sardinia, leads us to mistrust a little both king and people.

History shows that the growth of liberty in Europe, has been greatly promoted by the advance of the lower and middle classes in wealth and intelligence. Peace, with its industrial activities, would probably do more for Italy than anything else—by turning the minds of the young and ardent from schemes of revolution to schemes of material progress. As the country became wealthy, whoever should nominally be its ruler, would be forced to rule in accordance with its wishes and necessities, or be tossed overboard by a successful revolution—successful, because those making it would not be either needy adventurers, or patriots in straitened circumstances, but men possessing the great sinews of war. Why is England, that little island, so free and so powerful? In a great degree, because she is so wealthy. Besides, if all thoughts of revolution were for a time banished from the heads of the Italians, they would no longer be subjected to the stern and constant surveillance which now galls them. Really, if material activity could take the place of political, in the breasts of the Italians, for a time, we should have more hope of the cause of Italian Liberty.

MR. DEMPSTER.

Of all the vocalists in the country is not Mr. Dempster the best? Echo answers, the best. So, we are sure, the audience who heard him here last week, would answer, and so also would answer all the audiences that have heard him for these many years. Echo has plenty of backers in regard to Mr. Dempster.

Time, touching him gently, has only touched his voice into mellower music. The rich tones improve with age, as old port is said to do.

"From the molten-golden notes
What a liquid ditty floats—"

while we listen, enchanted! With what a rich pathos he floods the old ballads that he sings!

All that his mellow voice ever did for the old ballads, it did last week for the new. For last week he sang new songs from Tennyson and Longfellow. He did not, to be sure, as some of the papers said he was going to do, sing Tennyson's *Princess*—for inasmuch as Tennyson's *Princess* is a long poem in blank verse, it could hardly be considered suitable for vocal treatment. But he sang the *songs* from the *Princess*, and sang them deliciously. "Tears, idle tears," that most beautiful of all poems, which he has set to a peculiarly sweet and mournful air, was exquisitely rendered. After this, the gem of the evening, to use a trite phrase, was, we thought, Longfellow's "Children." Mr. Dempster's music to this was admirably adapted to the movement and feeling of the poem. Its tender and gentle pathos will secure it a place in many portfolios when it comes to be published.

But we must not descant upon the tempting merits of the other songs. Mr. Dempster will be in Philadelphia again, we hope, before long, and when he is, let everybody who loves music hear him. "Where gold repays not, song repays," says Burger, and the saying is eminently true of the song of Mr. Dempster, as the public very well knows.

A PITY.—Many of our readers will remember Motherwell's beautiful poem, "Jeanie Morrison," and the concluding verses especially:—

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wandering, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

Oh, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me.

Jeanie Morrison, as we learn from a recent biography of the poet, prefixed to a late edition of his works, was neither an ideal name nor an ideal personage. Says Mr. Lennie, a teacher, of Edinburgh:—

"Jane (Jeanie) Morrison was the daughter of one of the most respectable brewers and corn-factors then in Alloa. She came to Edinburgh to finish her education, and was in my school with William Motherwell during the last year of his course. She was about the same age with himself, a pretty girl, and of good capacity. Her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming. Her dress was also neat and tidy. She made a great impression on young Motherwell, and that it was permanent his beautiful ballad shows. At the end of the season she returned to her parents at Alloa, with whom she resided till the time of her marriage. She is now a widow, with a family of three children, all of whom are grown up, and, I believe, doing well."

But, alas for youthful romance, the pathetic questions addressed to Jeanie in the verses above quoted, it seems could not be answered by that lady in the affirmative. Dr. McConechy, the biographer, says, "I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with this lady in after life, as Mrs. Murdoch. Her husband was a respectable merchant in Glasgow, and died about the year 1828. She was, when I knew her, a very elegant woman in her personal appearance, and seemed to have preserved those gentle and agreeable manners for which she had been distinguished in girlhood; but it is proper to remark, *that she was wholly unconscious of the ardent interest which she had excited in the mind of her boyish admirer.*"

SPEECH OF MR. D'ISRAELI.—Now that it is almost certain that the elections in Great Britain have resulted in favor of the present Derby Ministry, the views of that Ministry upon the Italian difficulty become of very great importance. We therefore publish this week the leading passages in a recent speech of Mr. D'Israeli's, the Tory leader in the House of Commons. Those views seem to us to be marked by much good sense and liberality. All parties in England appear to unite in favor of preserving their neutrality, if possible—though the Tory party seems not disinclined to cast the weight of England into the scale, if an opportunity should offer where such action would result in a just and equitable settlement of the dispute without further bloodshed.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—We call attention to the advertisement of two fine engravings of this famous American wonder of the world, from views by Hamilton, the great marine painter of this city.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

H. McG. The celebration of Easter, like many other celebrations, is the Christianization of a pagan festival. *Eostre* was the Saxon goddess of love, or the Venus of the North, in honor of whom a yearly festival was celebrated by our pagan ancestors in April, whence it was called *Eostermonath*. Easter is supposed by Beda and others, to be the *Astarte* of the Sidonians. When Christianity supplanted Paganism in England, the same festival was observed in commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection; the day for the observance of it being fixed by St. Austin in A. D. 597. The Council of Nice ordered it to be observed on the same day through the whole Christian world. Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon that occurs after the 21st of March. This festival, it may be added, also answers to the pasche or passover of the Hebrews, and most nations still give it this name.

P. A Kentucky correspondent desires us to republish the following lines to a well known and somewhat multitudinous personage:—

JOHN SMITH.

Where'er I go I hear thy name,
Or see thy person stand before me;
The first in honor or in shame,
The first to scorn me or adore me.
From Sable's Isle to Indian Key,
From Snelling's Fort to Rappahannock,
John Smith, John Smith, thou art with me,
O'er buttered toast, or Indian bannock.

Now hung for stealing roaming horses,
Now highest in the list of fame,
Now hoarding wealth, now meeting losses,
Now ribless, and now with a *dame;*
Now ruling boys with pedant's knowledge,
Now Captain of a rustic band;
Now President of some great college,
And now too ignorant to be d——d.

John Smith, John Smith, thou art a wonder,
The urchins laugh to hear thee speak;
Now hailed the author of a blunder,
And now the conqueror of—Greek.
Now skipper of a Yankee schooner,
And now the *seizer* of a whale;
Now harpsichord and spinnet tuner,
And now the keeper of a jail.

Now grinder of creation's razors,
Now peddler of domestic tin;
Now vender of new venison blazers,
Now taster at the bung—of gin.
Now maker of new opera glasses,
Now patentee of rakes and churns;
Now leader of a train of asses,
And now the closer of concerns.

And last of all, surprising story,
An editor I find thou art;
A writer crowned with leather glory,
Whose gizzard takes the place of heart.
Now editing a monthly journal,
And now a loafer's penny sheet;
Hail! Doctor, General, Captain, Colonel,
John Smith, John Smith, you're hard to beat.

C. W. If you mean to ask whether it is correct, for instance, to say, You are *those* who saved the Republic—or, You are *they* who saved the Republic, we reply that either word is sanctioned by the use of the best writers, though the former is to be preferred.

J. W., M. D. It is a matter of general belief that strychnine is used in the manufacture of Whiskey. If we are not mistaken, the Legislature of Ohio, a year or two ago, passed an act forbidding the employment of this drug by the distillers, under heavy penalties. A gentleman residing near Pittsburg once told us that his father was formerly engaged in the distilling business, and was able to make a certain quantity of whiskey from a bushel of corn—but that now, owing to the use of strychnine, a much larger quantity—we think he said fully one-half as much more—could be made. As to the effects of the whiskey now-a-days, certainly that article is much more destructive than it used to be. Delirium tremens, if we are to believe the statements of those who have investigated the subject, is a disease greatly more prevalent than formerly—and, if we are not mistaken, this would be a natural result of the use of strychnine. If any of our readers can speak from positive knowledge upon this subject of the use of strychnine in the manufacture of whiskey, we should be pleased to hear from them. Our correspondent, Dr. W., it will be perceived, doubts the fact—it appears to him only "a sharp dodge of ultra temperance men, who believe that the end justifies the means." If Dr. W. had ever conversed with any candid wholesale dealer in wines and liquors, he would probably have heard him admit, the almost universal falsity, and frequent poisonous adulteration of liquors. The brandy, for instance, is nearly universally whiskey, doctored in various ways. And the mischief of the matter is, that the adulteration does not stop with the manufacturer—but after he has doctored it, the wholesale merchant doctors it, and then the retailer perhaps further drugs and waters it, until it would puzzle even an "expert" to tell what the article is composed of, by the time it has reached the hands of the consumer.

——Since writing the above, we find the following among the local items of the daily *North American*:—

"WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?—To all appearances *the liquor of the present day is about as dangerous as gunpowder*. About 5 o'clock yesterday morning, the dead body of an unknown man was found lying beside a fence in Hancock street, below Wood, in the Nineteenth Ward. The deceased appeared to be a German, and about fifty years of age. His dress denoted his vagrant habits, and an empty *whiskey* bottle, which lay by his side, explained the immediate cause of his death."

W. M. You can purchase a copy of the Koran or Alcoran, from any of the publishers that advertise in the Post—if they have not got it, they will get it for you. As to the other publication you mention, we know not the name of its publishers, or of whom you can procure it. Unless you are a philosopher, you had better not enter upon an investigation of the question you seem disposed to examine. If you would not be defiled, don't touch pitch.

HUBERT. You have "a correspondence with a beautiful cousin, which is sliding into courtship in spite of you, and you fear there will be objections on account of relationship." We think there very likely will be objections—and would advise you therefore to break off said correspondence as soon as possible. While this question cannot perhaps be considered positively settled, the general opinion of those best informed upon it, is decidedly averse to such marriages, for reasons heretofore stated in THE POST, and which we need not now repeat. This matter of cousinship is a great nuisance—leading to much unhappiness in many families. If one of our inventors could invent some mode of getting rid of cousins, he would deserve as much praise as he who can devise some practicable mode of destroying the curculio. Cousins are always foolishly falling in love, being reprimanded, sent off to Europe, or on a whaling voyage, and causing mischief, trouble and expense generally. Probably if more care were taken to bring up young people with the idea that cousins never should, would or could marry, there might be less difficulty with them.

A SUBSCRIBER. We do not insert "advertisements for a wife," believing them to be often criminal, and generally demoralising in their character. No woman worth having for a wife would be apt to answer such an advertisement. In this country particularly, where introductions to young ladies can be procured with an almost objectionable facility, such advertisements can have little justification.

J. B. K. We are much indebted to the "Excelsior Literary Society of Heidelberg College," at Tiffin, Ohio, for the "honorary membership" that has been conferred upon us. We have ordered the society put on the free list of THE POST.

P. V. M. The grammatical rule is as you give it—"*a* should become *an* before a vowel or silent h." In the instance you allude to, "a humble and courageous man" should certainly have been "*an* humble," &c.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED "The origin of the Red Rose;" "Morning;" "A Year To-Day;" "My Mary;" "Kappa;" "The Bells of Heaven are Ringing;" "Lazarus;" "Friendship;" "Kate Manners;" "Flowers;" "Annabel."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A miscellaneous deluge of books poure from the press constantly upon the unprotected public. But the deluge brings down with it bits of the blue sky, and strips of the sunshine—for what else can these beautiful blue and gold books of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, be compared to? The latest of these aureaureate treasures are two volumes of THE POETICAL WORKS of JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, and one volume of STUDIES, STORIES AND MEMOIRS, by MRS. JAMESON. Percival was a man of genius, a true poet, finely touched to fine issues, but born out of time. He came with the first fresh beams of American literature, thirty years ago, before indeed the literature had fairly ceased to be English, or begun to be distinctively American. Hence, though a man of genius, and no servile copyist, the influence of Byron and Mrs. Hemans is very perceptible in the poetry of Percival, though, we say again, his own fond, ardent, delicate, impassioned spirit breathes and glows through it all, like an embodied soul. His life is sad to remember, for he was an unappreciated and neglected man, living at a period when few cared to have what he had to give. He was a true scholar, a man of large and varied scientific and literary attainments—a chemist, geologist, linguist, musician, as well as poet, but he was compelled to waste his fine energies in mere drudgery, and spend in hack-work hours which he would fain have dedicated to loftier service.

Mrs. Jameson's book is, as usual, brimfull of choice and suggestive reading. A few tales, some fine notes on Goethe, well worth perusal, and some interesting memorials of Washington Allston and Adelaide Kemble, with a few other papers, make up the book.

We have a new volume—the third—of THE LIFE OF HAMILTON, by his son, John C. Hamilton. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) We have said before that this work is a valuable contribution to the history of the country, and marks the proportions of Hamilton's public service. The third volume brings us down to Washington's inauguration.

Agriculturists will find their account in THE AMERICAN FARMER'S HANDBOOK, (Charles Desilver, Philadelphia,) which has instructions on every branch of farming, and useful hints and suggestions for all departments of the farmer's life.

The success of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" has inspired a gentleman named Charles Henry Hanger, to publish a work entitled PROVERBIAL AND MORAL THOUGHTS, (Mayhew & Baker, Boston,) which has actually reached a second edition. Shade of the wise Solomon, can such things be? Is this the nineteenth century or the ninth? In his preface, Mr. Hanger has the coolness to assure us that though the form of his work is borrowed from Mr. Tupper, the rhythm is original with himself! We should rather think it was! Let the reader judge. For instance:—

"Justice is the exact requital either of good or ill,—no more nor less. One grain above it or below, and 'tis no longer justice. Exaggeration is not justice. Though the just punishment may seem severe, it is only the necessary penalty of the offended law."

This is a specimen, taken at random, of Mr. Hanger's original *rhythm!* The reader who sees in the above only a piece of very ordinary prose, may wonder where the rhythm is. But Mr. Hanger thinks he has it, and that his lines are poetry, when he has cut them up into lengths like these:—

"Justice is the exact requital either of good or ill,—no more nor less.
"One grain above it or below, and it is no longer justice.
"Exaggeration is not justice: though the just punishment may seem severe,
"It is only the necessary penalty of the offended law."

That is the way the rhythmical Hanger does it! Glancing from his manner to his matter, as shown in the above citation, we have only to remind the reader that Mr. Hanger's fatuity goes to the extent of calling these things "thoughts"—nay, worse, of calling them, though they are sure to excite the reader into wild and profane profanity, "moral thoughts!" Oh, Charles Henry, how could you do it!

It is positively a relief to turn from Hanger to the June number of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) which is a good number. The Professor preaches no sermon this month, but bubbles and sparkles with bright wit and brisk fancies on the subject of "Manners." Among the other good papers is a fine historical sketch—"A Charge with Prince Rupert!" a merry little satirical fantasia—"Mien-Yaun;" and a terse, clearly written scientific paper on "The Differential and Integral Calculus."

We have several more of Mr. T. B. Peterson's cheap edition of the Waverley Novels, and also a fine India Proof engraving of Sir Walter Scott, executed expressly for this edition from the original portrait by Newton—the last for which Sir Walter sat. The engraving has also a *fac-simile* of his signature. It can be had for 25 cents, the same price as the novels.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE STRICOLE BRICK—A WILFUL YOUNG GENTLEMAN—A CONFIDING MOTHER—AN INVALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Paris, May 5, 1859

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The exciting, and yet most wearisome alternation of hopes and fears on the subject of the quarrel between France and Austria, from which I allowed my pen to take refuge, a fortnight ago, in other matters, and which, notwithstanding the marching of troops and the rumors of war at the date of my last, was still so far undecided that sanguine expectations of the success of diplomacy were indulged in at that time, has now merged in the dread certainty of a struggle whose end he would be a prophet of the very first water who should foretell. Gladly, therefore, as your Correspondent would have continued to ignore the dreary topic which has been uppermost here since the utterance of the ominous Napoleonic speech to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's day, it is not likely that so welcome a respite will be granted, for many a month to come, to the pens which are busy, on this side the Atlantic, in chronicling the event of the day for the enlightenment of the dwellers upon yours.

As you are already aware, the sudden and unexpected demand for an immediate disarmament, addressed by Austria to Sardinia on Good Friday, and her movement on the Sardinian frontier on the refusal of Victor Emmanuel to lay down his arms, was at once followed by the march of French troops into Piedmont. For the last ten days, the movement here has been incessant, and the city has resounded with the music of the bands of the various regiments that have been passing through on their way to the Sardinian frontier. The Emperor, as you will already have learned from the English journals, has signified his intention of taking the command of the new "Army of Italy" in person, Marshals Canrobert and Baraguay d' Hilliers commanding two of its three divisions, and General Randon commanding the third under the Emperor. The most contradictory rumors are afloat here, respecting the plan of the coming campaign, the number of French soldiers already thrown into Piedmont, the movements of the Austrians, and the engagements said to have taken place. In this state of uncertainty we are probably destined to remain for some time to come; as neither the French nor the Austrian Governments will allow the doings of their respective armies to be reported; and our knowledge of the march of events will have to be drawn from private sources, from Rumor,—so proverbially false of tongue!—and from the permitted statements of the *Moniteur*, whose character for truth-telling has by no means improved of late. A Government circular has already been addressed to the Editorial corps throughout the country, ordering them to refrain from publishing any news from the seat of war, until they have procured an "authorization" of such news from the Prefect of the Department.

What, however, is but too true, and too painfully evident, is the fact that France and Austria are obstinately bent upon an appeal to the sword; that bread, and all the necessaries of life, already so dear, are becoming rapidly dearer; that consternation reigns among the commercial classes, and that numerous heavy failures have already taken place, the harbingers of wide-spread commercial ruin and disaster.

The Austrians resident in this capital are leaving for Belgium, whither the wife and family of Baron de Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador, repaired several days ago, and to which that functionary will betake himself on the appearance of the official declaration of war in the columns of the *Moniteur*.

The rumor so busily propagated, and as busily denied, of a secret treaty, offensive and defensive, just concluded between France and Russia, has added much to the excitement and anxiety of the public mind; for the fact of such a compact, at such a time, would indicate that the dangers now impending over Europe, are of still wider reach, and of still more serious import than had hitherto been imagined. The general feeling here seems to be that, if this compact really exist, a struggle with England cannot be far off; and much as every Frenchman, with very few exceptions, delights in the idea of "revenging Waterloo," the prospect of an immediate grapple with that Power gives cause for serious reflection even on the part of those who would most rejoice in the idea of humbling the pride of "perfidious Albion."

It is said that France will have concentrated 100,000 men in Italy in the course of a few weeks; and the additional levy of 140,000 just demanded of the Legislature by the Emperor, with a loan of 500,000,000 francs, is to be pushed forward with all possible rapidity. Think of this fearful drain on the energies of a country the ratio of whose increase of population is diminishing, and whose national debt is increasing enormously, while its resources are very far from keeping pace with this increase.

It is not easy to decide how the mass of the people regard the war now actually commenced. There is no doubt that they have been strongly and unanimously opposed to the project of armed interference in Italian affairs; but it is scarcely possible that, the sword once drawn, the national vanity and love of "glory" should not enlist the feelings of the mass of the people on the Emperor's side. Already symptoms of a turn in public feeling are visible here; among others, the insulting demonstrations made, a few days since, by a band of workmen, at the gates of the Austrian Embassy, to prevent a recurrence of which, the Prefect of Police has posted a guard of mounted policemen at the Embassy.

Councils of Ministers, presentations of officers, and inspectors of regiments, are of daily occurrance at the Tuileries; the Emperor giving dinners, every day, to the chiefs of the various *corps* as they pass through the capital. A few days ago, the Voltigeurs of the Guard halted beneath the windows of the palace as they passed through the city; the Emperor and Empress, Jerome Bonaparte, Prince Napoleon and his young wife, and others of the Imperial family were stationed at one of the windows of the ground floor, the little Prince Imperial being of the party, and standing on a chair beside the Emperor, who held him by the arm.—The little fellow was evidently excessively delighted with the gay uniforms, the shining ornaments on the horses, the banners, &c.; and manifested his satisfaction by shouting and clapping his hands, making, every now and then, the military salutation, which he always bestows with such amusing gravity. When the Emperor had kissed the flag of the regiment, and the troops were preparing to take their departure—the Emperor waving his hand to them, and exclaiming, "To our speedy meeting!" while the Empress put her handkerchief repeatedly to her eyes, as though much affected by the scene—the attendants of his youthful Highness attempted to withdraw him from his place. But he laid hold at once of the back of the chair, manifesting the utmost determination to maintain his position, from which, indeed, he was only dislodged after various arguments, probably of a prospective nature, had been urged in his ear by the maternal voice. His willful little Highness then suffered himself to be taken possession of by his governess, and conveyed to his own apartments.

The medical world is also excited by the discovery of an admirable cure for scalds, viz.:—the plant yielding socotrine aloes, and which is a beautiful ornament for a drawing-room window. A horticulturist, named Lemon, living at Belleville, accidentally let fall a kettle of boiling water, which scalded his legs fearfully. Unable to move a step from pain, he despairingly tore off one of the thick leaves of an aloe which stood near him, tore it open, and applied the inner surface to his burns, solely with a view to alleviate the pain by the cooling effects of the juice. To his surprise the pain subsided entirely, while the skin assumed a violet hue. On the following day his legs were completely healed, no trace of the accident being visible, except the violet color which remained for several days. A short time afterwards, M. Lemaire, Professor of Botany at Ghent, tried this remedy on a cook who had scalded her arm; and obtained a complete cure by dressing it with slips of aloe-leaf. M. Houllet, Director of the Conservatories of the Garden of Plants, has now had recourse to the same remedy in the case of a workman whose back had been instantaneously transformed into a vast sore by a sudden jet of steam, and in this case also the cure proved as instantaneous as the accident.

QUANTUM.

PUBLIC OPINION OF GERMANY.—The Berlin papers and the journals over all Germany are filled with articles of a character very rarely witnessed in this quiet country. The rulers of France and Russia are universally denounced as nothing less than common rogues, deserving the verdict of a jury and the rope of the hangman. Russia, which for so long a time pretended to be the most intimate ally and well-wisher of this kingdom, is accused of entering into the basest conspiracy with the most reprobate of men; the guardian of conservatism cannot free herself from the imputation of backing up the reddest of all revolutionists; and against the base ingratitude of the Czar, after the neutral position maintained by Germany during the critical time of the Crimean war, there is a general cry of disgust. At a recent meeting in Berlin, of prominent men, a majority merchants, it was frequently asserted that this part of the world could never enjoy permanent peace, unless the French and Russians were made to feel the whole strength of the German sword. A resolution was accordingly carried that every war against either Gaul or Muscovy that did not terminate with the compulsory disarmament of these nations would be a practical nullity. By a second motion, the meeting expressed its opinion that both France and Russia ought not to be allowed to keep standing armies, and that the most fearful and prolonged strife, if necessary to effect this, would be a sacrifice willingly accepted by Germany. France and Russia, it was urged, could never be considered in any other light than as organized cut-throats, barbarians in uniform, regimental bandits, or ambitious scoundrels, who, devoid of any enlightened principle of civilization, threw themselves upon foreign countries for plunder, or the mere sake of keeping their hand in.—*Berlin Correspondent of London Standard.*

LOLA MONTEZ.—The "conversion" of Lola Montez is announced. She has, it is said, quietly settled down a humble, peaceful, exemplary, religious woman, in her own domicil, in Piccadilly, London, having amassed a sufficient sum to purchase and pay for a house, which is now the receptacle and centre of a large number of wealthy and pious enthusiasts of London, male and female. Among her most constant and intimate visitors is Mrs. Thistlewaite, formerly an actress, who was familiarly known as Laura Bell, and was about as notorious as Lola herself. About the time that she turned from the error of her ways, she won the heart of the rich commoner. She married him, and is now a bright and shining light in Exeter Hall. It was she who was the principal instrument in bringing about Lola's "change of heart." It is said that Mrs. Thistlewaite daily drives her chariot, with four milk-white horses attached, through the streets of London on missions of mercy and religious teachings.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

FIVE DAYS LATER—STRANGE DELAY OF THE AUSTRIANS—INEXPLICABLE MOVEMENTS—SICKNESS AMONG THE AUSTRIANS—DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR AND PRINCE NAPOLEON—BRILLIANT RECEPTION AT GENOA—ANCONA DECLARED IN A STATE OF SIEGE—PROTEST OF THE POPE—IMPROVEMENT IN COTTON—HEAVY DECLINE IN BREADSTUFFS—THE AUSTRIANS RE-CROSSING THE SESIA—CONSOLS 91¾a91¾.

The City of Baltimore brings Liverpool advices to the 12th—five days later.

The steamer passed Cork on the 12th, and brings despatches received by telegraph from London on that morning.

There had been no material change in political affairs, and the condition of matters in Italy remained as they were when the Canada sailed.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war, received at London on the day the City of Baltimore sailed, state that there had been no action of moment between the hostile armies.—The movements of the Austrians are viewed as inexplicable by the London press, and their conjectures are variable. Some can only account for their dilatory movements by the supposition that the unfavorable weather has prevented the General in Chief from carrying out the original plan of the campaign. Their latest movements indicate the greatest indecision, positions being taken and then abandoned without any apparent motive. Up to the last accounts heavy rains continued to fall, carrying out the designs of the Sardinians to overflow the country, and thereby obstruct the movements of the Austrians.

A Vienna bulletin says that the Austrian troops are awaiting better weather before assuming the offensive.

The Sardinian commander, Gen. Marmora, has made the river his strategetical line.

The Emperor and Prince Napoleon left Paris for Genoa on the 10th. The Empress Eugenie was proclaimed Regent during the absence of the Emperor, according to the previous arrangement. The Emperor will assume the command of the allied forces in Sardinia. The Sardinian government are preparing a magnificent reception for Napoleon, on his arrival at Genoa.

Marshal Canrobert, the French general, is directing the operations of the allies from Alessandria.

There is said to be much sickness among the Austrian troops, as was expected, from the bad weather and the overflowed condition of the country to which their movements have so far been confined.

The Austrians are fortifying their positions along the line of the river Sesia. The Emperor is making constant additions to his reserve, and there will soon be 750,000 men under arms.

The Emperor had declared Ancona, on the Adriatic, in a state of siege, but the Pope protested, and a reconsideration of the matter was promised.

The French army at Rome is to be increased, and placed on a war footing.

The English Parliamentary elections had been almost concluded. The Ministerial gain was variously estimated by the English press at from 19 to 28 members.

M. de Persigny has been appointed French ambassador to London.

The Paris Moniteur denies the report that the French army is about to concentrate on the Rhine.

TURIN, May 11.—The Austrians are re-crossing the river Sesia in haste.

TURIN, May 11—10 o'clock A. M.—On reaching Versett'a, the Austrians ceased their retrograde movements. To-day they made an excursion towards Porsara.

Count Cavour leaves to-day to meet the Emperor Napoleon at Genoa.

PARIS, May 12.—The Moniteur publishes the following telegram:

"ROME, May 10.—According to orders from Vienna, the state of seige has been raised at Ancona, and the lighthouse is again lit."

VIENNA, May 10.—The Archduke is dead.

LONDON, Thursday.—The Daily News city article, of that evening, says the price of consols improved one-eighth to one-quarter per cent. over Tuesday. The favorable effect had been produced by checking the drain of gold to the Continent.

The other departments of the Stock Exchange have a tendency to improve, and the prices were generally satisfactory.

In the discount market the demand was moderate, although high rates were demanded for long paper.

At Paris the subscription to the French loan of twenty millions already exceeds forty millions, including a very large number for only ten francs of annual income. All parties connected with the government were expected to take part in this new national demonstration.

At St. Petersburg exchange was firmer and quoted at 33 1-8. A powerful feeling was created on the Stock Exchange by the announcement that sixteen more individuals had ceased to be members of the establishment.

The Bank of Belgium has raised its rate of discount from three to four per cent.

MARSEILLES, Wednesday Evening.—The Emperor arrived here at mid-day, *en route*. He embarked on board the Hortense, where he received the city authorities, and left in the afternoon.

It was said in Paris that the Emperor expects to be at Milan by the end of May or the beginning of June.

LONDON, Thursday.—In the London Times it is said that the continued suspense between the hostile forces in Italy excites daily new conjectures.

The condition of Turkey has also been a subject of comment.

The recent rise in Russian produce has been followed by a considerable reaction. Hemp had fallen 4 per cent.

At Mark Lane yesterday, Wheat met with a slow sale, at a reduction of from 6 to 6s. per quarter.

There was much buoyancy on the Paris Bourse, owing to the enthusiastic demonstration attending the Emperor's departure, it being considered as a security for the maintenance of order at home.

Marshal Canrobert has issued orders of the day to the troops under his command at Alessandria, concluding in a spirited and warlike tone.

A dispatch from Rome has been sent to the Pope's nuncio to leave Florence.

The Austrian war brig Triton had been accidentally blown up, while the commander of the vessel was on shore. The number of dead and missing was estimated at about 80.

Another report says that part of the crew were ashore when the explosion took place, and the number killed was only 4.

LONDON, May 12—Noon.—Consols opened at yesterday's closing price, 91¾a91¾, and advanced to 92, and are now firm at 91¾a92¼.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS.

VIENNA, May 6.—The official bulletin of Gen. Gyulai reports that, on Wednesday, "we made a demonstration near Cambio and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornale we have thrown a bridge over the Po river, and the troops have crossed and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, on our railroad, near Verona, a train filled with troops, came in collision with the ammunition wagons, some of which exploded. 23 of the men were killed, and 124 wounded.

It was reported in all military circles, that the Ministers of Great Britain intended to call out the whole militia, and fifty new battalions to be added to the line.

Lord Cowley reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner is dead. He was well known as a scientific writer of great ability, and equally well known for the scandal he created fifteen or twenty years ago, by his elopement to Austria with the wife of Dr. Heavyside.

There was considerable animation in the English naval department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was going on actively.

The London Times continues to assert its belief in an alliance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has, without a previous understanding with France.

The Austrians had crossed the Po, near Cambio, and advanced towards Sale. They had also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river near Frassinetto, on the 3rd of May.

The Sardinian account of the latter effort says that the cannonading lasted fifteen hours. It commenced at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and was kept up during the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese troops had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered considerably.

The Austrians, on the 3rd, commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza, without much effect.

The official bulletin issued at Turin on the 4th, says that the Austrians have increased their force at Vercelli, and constructed defensive works. They have also occupied Trino and Tobietto, having their vanguard at Tronzano. They withdrew last night from Tortona, and yesterday burned seven arches of the bridge over the Scrivia at Piacenza. The demolition of the houses erected on the fortifications has also been ordered.

A Hamburg telegraph says that England has officially notified the Government that she will not be able to protect commercial vessels in case of a war between Germany and France.

The London Globe's Paris correspondent says that Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, expressing confidence in his strict honor, and that he would not go a step further than he assured her some months since.

Mr. H. St. John Mildmay is to accompany the head-quarters of the Austrian army as British Commissioner, and Col. Cameron will accompany the Sardinian army in a similar capacity.

An election riot took place recently at Limerick, Ireland. The military were called out, and fired on the mob, killing and wounding five.

At the Chester Cup race, Leamington won, the American Prioress coming in fourth. Twenty-three horses ran.

Sir Moses Montefiore has failed in his mission to the Pope of Rome, on behalf of the child Mortara.

The Prince Archbishop of Vienna has issued a pastoral letter, attacking the armies of Piedmont and the ambition of Napoleon, and the opinion is expressed that war is not the greatest of evils, but is often a glorious work accomplished in the service of equity.

A counter revolution had taken place in Parma, headed by the troops in favor of the Ducal Government, and the reigning Duchess, at the invitation of the troops, had re-entered Parma.

Gen. Hess will accompany the Emperor of Austria when he assumes the command of the army. Gen. Hess, it is reported, disapproves of Gen. Gyulai's plan of attack.

A letter from Genoa confirms the report that all the Austrian vessels there had been seized by the Sardinians.

The new French loan of 500,000,000 francs is to be contracted by national subscription. It is to be a 3 per cent. loan, issued at 60f. 50c., or 4½ per cent. at 90f.

It was reported that the French Government was endeavoring to secure the neutrality of Prussia, and had promised, on their side, not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war shall be confined to Italy.

The French subjects in Austria had placed themselves under the protection of the Spanish Minister.

An Austrian corps of observation will be posted near Cracow, to watch the Russians, who were gathering on the Austrian frontier.

The troops seem to be tending toward Alessandria, though Novi, ten miles southeast of it, is spoken of as the place where the first great battle is expected.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked up with snow. The portion that had succeeded in crossing suffered terribly.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of twenty-five thousand troops on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Turin correspondent of the London Daily News asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between seven and eight hundred thousand men, and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand, as the Emperor fears that Germany will not remain quiet.

The same correspondent also asserts that on the day the Emperor leaves Paris for the army, he will address a solemn manifesto to Europe, espousing the cause of the Nationalities.

The Paris Moniteur states that Austrian vessels in French ports, or those entering in ignorance of the war, are to have a delay of six weeks. It also states that the Emperor has decided that Austrian subjects may continue to remain in France and the French Colonies as long as their conduct furnishes no reason for complaint.

In the Chamber of Deputies of Prussia the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was, without deviation, pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and looking to the security of national interests and the maintainance of power in Europe; and with these objects the army had been placed ready to march.

The Bank of Prussia had raised its rate of discount to five per cent.

RUSSIA.—The official journal of St. Petersburg contains the following:—"We are authorized to declare, in the most positive manner, that there exists no treaty of alliance, offensive or defensive, between Russia and any other Power whatever. At a moment when all Europe is making maritime or military arrangements on a large scale, the Emperor was obliged to provide, by the means of political prudence, for any emergencies. His Majesty retains, in the present juncture, entire liberty of action, and, we need hardly add, he is animated only by the sentiment of preserving the dignity of his crown and the interests of the country."

TURKEY.—The Times' Vienna correspondent says:—We are on the eve of a rising in European Turkey. The political agitation in the southern province has been exceedingly great. The Porte has about 120,000 men concentrated at Shumla, and Omar Pasha was coming rapidly from Bagdad. The writer thinks the Russo-French plan for the dismemberment of Turkey is a good one, and that in all probability the days of the Mussulman in Europe are numbered.

DECIMATION OF AN ITALIAN REGIMENT.—The Paris Presse, in its Italian correspondence, confirms the painful rumor which had already been current respecting the decimation of the Bianchi regiment. There had been some disturbances in Croatia, where the people, including their great ruler, Ban Jellachich, are much discontented with the mode in which the government of their province is conducted. The Bianchi regiment, which consists for the most part of Italians, was ordered to fire on the Croat peasantry. The order passed unheeded. It was renewed in peremptory terms by the colonel of the regiment. The soldiers obeyed, but turned their arms toward the colonel, who alone fell before their muskets, whilst the unharmed peasants joined in acclamations of delight. The regiment was marched to Pesth; there the soldiers cast lots, and every tenth man was shot.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, May 10.—The sales of the past three days amount to 27,000 bales, including 3000 bales to speculators, and 2000 bales to exporters. Prices have improved 3-16@⅛d. The market closed quiet but steady, with a declining tendency.

Messrs Clare & Son's circular quotes Orleans Middling at 5¼@7d, Upland Middling at 6¼d.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are more favorable, although no business of importance had been transacted.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The circulars quote a considerable decline in all qualities of Breadstuffs. Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co report Flour very dull at 11@14s 6d. Wheat also very dull and declined 6@9d; the sales are unimportant, and the following quotations nominal:—Western red 7s 6d@10s 6d; do white 10@11s; Southern 10s 6d@13s. Corn is dull and 6d lower. Mixed is quoted at 6s 3d@6s 6d; yellow at 6s 6d @7s; white at 7s 9d@8s 4d.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—The Provision market closed quiet. Beef dull; sales unimportant. Bacon steady. Lard firm at 60@62s.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Rosin is dull, the common quality has slightly declined; sales at 4s. Sugar is quiet. Coffee dull. Rice firm. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 44s. Pot Ashes are firm at 31s 6d@33s; Pearls quiet at 31s 6d. Linseed Oil 30s 6d@31s.

LONDON MARKETS.—Wheat has a declining tendency; all qualities are 6s lower. Sugar is dull and 6d lower. Rice firm. Tallow quiet at 56s. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 44s 6d@45s 6d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—There continues to be an active demand for money under the increased rates of discount, and a further advance is anticipated.

Consols have improved, being quoted at 91¾ for money and 92 for account.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday afternoon—The Cotton market is quiet; the prices favor buyers. The sales to-day are estimated at 6000 bales.

Wheat has an advancing tendency. French Wheat has slightly advanced. The other markets are generally without change.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, noon.—Cotton is quiet; there is little inquiry, and prices are weak; the sales to-day are estimated at 5000 bales. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report Breadstuffs quiet, with weaker prices than were obtained yesterday. The quotations are unchanged, however.

The Provision market is dull.

The quotations for produce are generally unchanged.

LONDON, Thursday, noon.—Consols are quoted at 91¾@92.

FURTHER FROM EUROPE.

REPORTED FIGHT AT VERCELLI.

NEW YORK, May 21.—The arrival of the steamship Vanderbilt, from Havre and Southampton, furnishes files of the 11th instant.—Though not so late as the telegraphic despatches from London and Liverpool by the City of Baltimore, intercepted off Cape Race, there are some items of interest.

Piedmont has laid an embargo on all Austrian vessels in Sardinian ports, but neutral property is to be respected.

A revolution is expected to occur at Como (Lombardy), the tri-color flag having been hoisted by the people before the castle.

The Austrian commander imposed a contribution of 300,000 francs on the town of Vercelli.

The subscription to the new French loan opened on the 7th, and 300,000,000 were already subscribed.

The French garrison at Rome is to be maintained entire.

Bavaria has raised a loan of four million francs at 4½ per cent.

TURIN, May 9.—The Austrians have advanced from Vercelli, towards Buronzo and Salluzola. They continue to fortify themselves on both banks of the Sesio and at San Germano. The Austrians threw out reconnoitering parties which advanced as far as the head of the bridge across the Po at Casale, but being attacked by our troops, the Austrians withdrew.

TURIN, May 10.—The bulletin of to-day says a strong Austrian column under four generals occupied Strapiana on the 8th, but the next morning hastily withdrew.

The Independance Belge says that General Garibaldi, combining his movements with Gen. Cialdini, had attacked the Austrians at Vemelli, beating them completely, and bringing off 300 prisoners.

SARDINIA'S OFFICIAL BULLETIN.—TURIN, May 9.—The enemy to the number of 2,000 men, after occupying Biela for a short time, withdrew.

The Austrian reconnoitering parties had advanced to Joreas, but seeing preparations for a defence, withdrew.

AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL BULLETIN.—VIENNA, May 9.—The Austrian troops have destroyed the railway bridge at Valenza.

ENGLAND.—The Royal Canadian regiment, formed in Canada, during the late Crimean war, is under orders for Corfu. All the English militia is to be called out. The Channel fleet is to be augmented by 700 guns.

The death of Leslie, the painter, is announced. Charles Robert Leslie was born of American parents, at London, October 19th, 1794, and was consequently in his sixty-fifth year. He was educated in Philadelphia, but was sent to Europe while a young man, where he has resided ever since. He was a brother of Miss Leslie, the authoress, who died a year or two ago.

AUSTRIA.—A series of failures were announced in Vienna and provinces, and it was feared the number would be daily augmented for some time to come.

FROM AUSTRALIA.—The ships Great Britain, Mermaid and Sussex, from Australia, brought to England 126,000 ounces of gold. Extraordinary activity is reported among the miners. New and promising gold fields have been discovered. A destructive fire had occurred at Melbourne. At Ballarat, considerable stir had been made in the flour market by the appearance of a considerable amount of American flour in barrels, which was selling 10s. higher than the Victoria flour.

SAID Simpson to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat:
If things go on in this queer way,
We sha'n't make *both ends meet*."

The dame replied, in words discreet,
"We're not so badly fed
If we can make but *one* end *meat*,
And make the other *bread*!"

☞ THE BEST WAY.—A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink Seidlitz-water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces. By way of consolation, his adviser told him it was only the first glass that was hard to drink. "Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."

☞ The continuance of frequent fits of anger produce an evil habit in the soul, called wrathfulness, or a propensity to be angry—which ofttimes ends in choler, bitterness and morosity; when the mind becomes ulcerated, peevish, and querulous, and, like a thin, weak plate of iron, receives an impression, and is wounded by the least occurrence.—*Plutarch.*

☞ Methinks wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.—*Wycherley.*

☞ In any controversy, the instant we feel angry, we have already ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves.

☞ Our hopes, though they never happen, yet are some kind of happiness; as trees, whilst they are still growing, please in the prospect, though they bear no fruit.—*Wycherly.*

NEWS ITEMS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, in a recent manifesto, says: "The object of this war is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters, and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people who will owe to us their independence. We do not enter Italy to foment disorder or to disturb the power of our holy father whom we replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure which burdens the whole peninsula, and to help to establish order there based upon lawful satisfied interests. * * * I leave to France the Empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and enlightenment of the last Emperor's surviving brother, she will understand how to show herself worthy the grandeur of her mission."

THE White Mountains of New Hampshire have presented a magnificent appearance of late. For several days within a week past the whole range has been distinctly visible, all glittering with snow, thus presenting a beautiful contrast to the fertile fields, which, as far as the eye can reach, now appear dressed in the vernal livery. It is quite unusual at this time of the year for the fields to be so green, or for so much snow to be upon the mountains.

A TRAIN of cars on the New York Central Railroad was thrown off the track on the 18th, in going east from Buffalo, at a crossing near Jordan, by running over a cow, and the conductor was killed, and from fifteen to twenty persons wounded—three quite fatally.

WASHINGTON, MAY 18.—Goodyear's patent for improvement in the manufacture of India rubber fabrics has been extended for seven years from the 13th of this month.

MESSRS. Broderick and Gwin, in California, are marshalling their respective forces for the ensuing political campaign. The indications are that there will be two Democratic tickets in the field—Lecompton and anti-Lecompton.

A HUNDRED returned gold seekers from Pike's Peak, have arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., and bring most deplorable accounts of the condition of affairs at the gold mines and on the route. About twenty thousand men are on their way back, destitute of money and provisions, and perfectly reckless and desperate. Some of them threaten to burn Omaha, Leavenworth, St. Joseph and others, in revenge for the deception which induced the emigration. Two thousand of them are near Omaha. Later accounts are more favorable. $700 in gold dust has arrived at Leavenworth.

THE largest mule ever produced in the world is now at Cincinnati. It is a mare mule, nineteen and a half hands high, and weighs eighteen hundred and thirty-five pounds. This extraordinary animal is the property of Charles Frost of Wayne county, Indiana, recently purchased near Lexington, Ky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield" has been translated into Armenian, by T. C. Averoom, Esq., a distinguished Armenian scholar, and an established merchant in Calcutta.

IT appears that the bridge of Buffalora was destroyed by the Piedmontese, on their retiring from the resisting encounter with the Austrian troops. It cost $600,000.

ON entering Piedmont, General Gyulai, who commanded the Austrian forces, issued a proclamation, in which he said the Piedmontese should be treated with the greatest consideration, Austria appearing there solely to combat the turbulent party which attacks the rights of Austria as well as those of the other Italian States—a party, feeble in number, strong only by audacity, and which prevents the voice of the true Piedmontese people from being heard.

THE UNION COURSE RACE.—NEW YORK, May 18.—The great double team match, for $10,000, between Ethan Allen and mate, and Lantern and mate, came off on the Union Course, Long Island, to day. The race was a most exciting one, and the course was very largely attended by sporting characters from all parts of the country. There were five heats, and Ethan Allen was declared the victor. The first was a dead heat; time 2 m. 24½ s. The second heat was won by Ethan Allen; time 2 m. 27½ s. The third was won by Ethan; time 2 m. 40 s. The fourth was a dead heat. The fifth was won by Ethan Allen; time 2 m. 35 s., beating Lantern by only eight inches.

THE enlistment for the navy in England is proceeding rapidly. The greatest enthusiasm has been manifested for the bounty offered ($50,) sailors, watermen, and landsmen, were volunteering in crowds. Tower Hill and Ratcliffe Highway were literally blocked up with them, so much so that the police have great difficulty in clearing the way for persons proceeding to the docks on business. Military movements towards the South Coast, and the arming of batteries and martello towers are reported.

A WELL KNOWN citizen of Detroit, who is very fond of children, noticed, while passing over the Chicago and St. Louis road, a neatly-dressed lady with a pretty baby, and took the child on his lap. At the next station the mother got off to get some milk for the baby, but did not return. The Detroit man was not only left with the little responsibility, but everybody in the car persisted in believing, in spite of his declarations, that the woman was his wife, and that she had been forced thus to desert him and her child by cruel treatment.

DEATH FROM GRIEF.—The Fort Clinton (Ohio) Democrat says that Mrs. Peter Perry, whose husband was drowned, as we noticed last week, has since died from the effect of the loss of her husband. From the moment she received the intelligence of his loss up to the hour of her death, a few days ago, she never exhibited signs of sanity, being perfectly wild and delirious. Four small children are thus left orphans in the wide, cold world, having been rendered fatherless and motherless in the space of ten days.

VERY DISCOURAGING.—A correspondent of a Minnesota paper, writing from Pike's Peak, says that the miners are very much discouraged in that region, from being compelled to dig through a solid vein of silver, four feet thick, before they can reach the gold.

ACQUITTAL OF REV. DANIEL DOWNEY.—The case of Rev. Daniel Downey, charged with the murder of Wm. Mullins, in Staunton, Va., was concluded on Saturday week—the jury, after a deliberation of twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." Upon the rendering of the verdict, the court house responded with applause from the large audience present, and the acquitted prisoner received the congratulations of many of his friends as he left the room.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AND OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS.—Just previous to Count Sartiges leaving Washington, recently, he openly said, in conversation with two well-known gentlemen of the State of New York, that if there should be a European war, as he believed, it would not be without embarrassment to our commercial relations, "for the right of search would be asserted and enforced." This remark was made with emphasis. The respectability of the party from whom this information is derived, leaves no doubt of its truth.

"BURLEIGH" (the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith), the industrious New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, asserts that the woman who was named in connection with Mr. Sickles, as at Barnum's Hotel with him, was "of much standing"—"that her husband was in Court—that if the matter had been made public he would have shot Sickles on the box where he stood on trial. So, to save double bloodshed and murder, the matter was hushed up."

WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION.—Several of the most respectable and prominent of the wool-growers of Ohio have united in a call for a Wool-Growers' Convention, to be held in Cleveland, on the 4th of August next. A fair will be held, and not more than ten, nor less than five, fleeces of one class, will be entered for competition.

LOUIS MURAT, a lineal descendant of Joachim Murat, King of Naples under the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, who arrived in this country in 1849, having considerable means and letters of credit, was found drunk in the streets of San Francisco, and taken to the station-house a few weeks since.

THE Government received information that the official copy of the Cass-Herran Treaty, ratified by the United States, has not been lost in the Magdalena River, as reported by the last steamer from Aspinwall.

THE President has formally accepted the invitation of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina to visit Chapel Hill, at the Annual Commencement in June. It is expected that the Secretary of the Interior and other friends will accompany him.

ANTI-BRANDS.—A conference of the United Brethren, at Rohrsville, Maryland, has adopted a resolution that every preacher of the conference be required to shave off his beard at least once at week.

DEATH OF MRS. KEY.—We record, under our obituary head to-day, the death of this venerable woman—relict of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and mother of the unfortunate P. Barton Key. She died in this city at a good old age, esteemed and loved by all who knew her.—*Baltimore Patriot, May 19th.*

AN old trapper, named James Brower, recently came into St. Louis with a pack of beaver skins, which he had carried on his back more than seven hundred miles. He sold the skins, laid in a supply of ammunition with part of the money received for them, got drunk on the rest, and kept so for a week, then got sober, and started off for another long and lonely trapping tour.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Ten Broeck's Belle ran for the Wynstay Handicap of 100 sovereigns, at the Chester spring meeting, May 3d. Belle took the lead before starting, and won easily by two lengths.

A SINGULAR and swift retribution occurred in Huron county, Ohio, a few days since. An ugly fellow, in a fit of passion, intentionally destroyed an eye of one of his horses. The next day, while driving a nail, a piece of it lodged in his eye, completely destroying the sight.

THE EFFECT OF IT.—The Milwaukee News says that since Sickles shot Key, no less than thirty-four men have been shot, or shot at, by injured husbands, that we have account of.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY ILLUMINATED.—A minister at the West, in a theological conversation with an old lady, asked her what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity? "Oh," she replied, "I think it a good doctrine, *if people would only live up to it.*"

A FEW days since, as we learn by the Canton Republican, the little daughter of Dr. Dillworth, in Osnaburg, Ohio, while playing with other children, fell into an old well, twenty-five feet in depth, and containing eight feet of water. The cries of the children brought the father to the spot, who found his child floating safely on the surface, buoyed up by the crinoline she wore. She was rescued without material injury.

ALICE PALMER, a servant girl in East Machias, Me., having been accused of stealing a five dollar gold piece from her mistress, Mrs. Thomas Parsons, jumped into the river and attempted to drown herself, but was saved by the expansiveness of her crinoline.

A TELEGRAPH SUIT.—*Washington*, May 20.—In the celebrated telegraph case of Hobson vs. The Telegraph Company, involving $7,600, (which was awarded to John Hobson, Esq., of Richmond, by a jury for a mistake of the telegraph, by which more cotton was purchased for him than he ordered,) the award was reversed by the Virginia Court of Appeals, with costs, on Thursday.

Two millions of gold is on its way to this country from California.

IT is stated, in a letter from Pike's Peak, that a crowd of disappointed gold-seekers caught "two Pike's Peak letter-writers" at the Fort, and hanged them, for having so grosly humbugged them.

A WRITER in the Examiner states that the American and Foreign Bible Society, last year, incurred an expense of $16,000, in collecting and appropriating $18,000 for the benevolent work of the organization.

HOW AUSTRIA CONTINUED IN ITALY.—In the new number of the Edinburgh Review there is a statement made, with particular emphasis, which may be as new to many of our readers as we confess it was to ourself. The writer, heartily deploring the spirit of the Austrian government in the Italian provinces, says, "All things considered, it would have been better for Austria herself if England and the other Powers had not insisted, in 1815, on her resuming the government of Lombardy, or if the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom had been erected into a distinct State," and to this is appended the following note:

"We believe that we are strictly correct in stating that the Emperor Francis, foreseeing the difficulties his government would have to encounter in Lombardy, and anxious to avoid causes of future dissension with France, expressed his strong disinclination to resume that province (Lombardy), but it was pressed upon him by the other Powers, and especially by the Prince Regent of England, as the only effectual mode of excluding the influence of France from Northern Italy."

This will show that, at any rate, Austria is not to be blamed for occupying Lombardy, which, in truth, was part of her hereditary possessions, previous to the conquering invasion of Italy by Napoleon, in 1797. The Venetian territory, wrested from the old republican government by France, was an acquisition to Austria, first acknowledged and guaranteed by the general Treaty of 1815. But the fact, stated above, that Austria really was *forced*, in 1815, to hold on to her Italian dominions, as a guard and prevention against future French aggression, is singularly important.

☞ I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.—*Adam Bede.*

☞ DON'T BELIEVE IT.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but *ice creams* ever since.

☞ The saying common among children, if a little white pimple appears on the tip of the tongue, "You are guilty of a falsehood," is a relic of a very ancient superstition. The pimple was regarded by the ancients as a punishment inflicted on them by the gods for perjury, theft, and all falsehoods. The phrase is found quite as a common one in books written B. C. 270. Swellings on the nose were also looked upon as punishments for similar offences.

☞ What a man wants in a wife mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise."—*Adam Bede.*

☞ No men on earth can cheer like Englishmen, who do so rally one another's blood and spirit when they cheer in earnest, that the stir is like the rush of their whole history, with all its standards waving at once, from Saxon Alfred's downward.—*Dickens.*

☞ Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section, and enjoy the present, without wishing, through haste, to spring on to another section now lying before thee.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 187—Adults 89, and children 98.

DR. LARDNER.

HIS OPINION ON RAILWAYS AND STEAM NAVIGATION—MRS. HEAVISIDE, &c.

The late advices from Europe bring the news of the death of Dr. Lardner. Dionysius Lardner was born in Dublin, on the 30th of April, 1793; he was, therefore, sixty-six years of age at the time of his death. He entered himself at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812, being then nineteen years of age. In 1813, he gained the first prize in Aristotelian logic; and in the succeeding years he gained fifteen or sixteen prizes in metaphysics, pure mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy and moral philosophy. In 1817 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and became a resident member in the university. His forte was mathematics, and during the ten years he remained there he wrote a commentary on the first six books of Euclid, a treatise on geometry, another on trigonometry, and a third on the differential and integral calculus. His reputation was established by these works, and he made a comfortable income from his lectures and private tuition. He also wrote a popular work on the steam engine, which was, in fact, an embodiment in the form of a book, of a series of lectures which he had delivered before the Royal Dublin Society, and for which he received from that learned body a gold medal.

In 1827, on the establishment of the London University, Dr. Lardner accepted the professorship of natural philosophy and astronomy, and removed to London. Here he projected his well-known Cabinet Cyclopedia; which was taken up by Messrs. Longman & Co., the eminent publishers, and commenced with the aid of the most distinguished authors and scientific men of the day. He, however, retired from the superintendence of the work before it was completed, having himself contributed to it treatises upon hydrostatics, pneumatics, heat, arithmetic and geometry.

Between 1830 and 1840, he was much engaged by railway companies in giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committees, on scientific and engineering points. Unfortunately for his future fame, he had become intimate in the family of Captain Heaviside, whose lady appears to have conceived a strange mixture of love for the Doctor's society and reverence for his scientific attainments; and the Doctor, though a man of the mature age of forty-seven, was dazzled (we suppose), by such admiration, and was weak enough to yield to the infatuation of a guilty passion. The Doctor and the lady fled to the Continent, followed by Captain Heaviside, and were traced by him to Brussels, where he surprised them, and inflicted on the seducer such severe corporal punishment that he was nearly killed by it. The lady would not return to her husband, and the Doctor further outraged public feeling by proclaiming that as soon as a divorce could be obtained, he should "be proud and happy to call her his wife." Captain Heaviside sued him, and obtained heavy damages, £40,000. He also obtained a divorce, and the Doctor then married the lady. He came over with her to this country, (thus avoiding the payment of the damages aforesaid;) but it appears that he tired of the lady's society, for they did not long continue to live together. They separated by mutual consent, and Mrs. Heaviside that was, died a few years ago. Dr. Lardner lectured in every principal town in the Union, and extended his tour to Cuba.

The Philadelphia Press says:—Dr. Lardner committed two scientific mistakes which are not likely ever to be forgotten by practical men. He declared in the most public manner against Railwayism and against Atlantic Steam Navigation.

When the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad (the first experiment on a large scale) was proposed, various objections were made against it, and some witnesses stated, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that it was utterly absurd to imagine that passengers could be drawn by locomotive engines at such an excessive rate of speed as twelve miles an hour. Dr. Lardner, in particular, affirmed that "carriages could not go at anything like the contemplated speed; it driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock still." At the same time, by the way, the present Earl of Derby, declared that if any locomotive ran ten miles an hour, he would eat one of the wheels for his breakfast. The locomotives do run fifty miles an hour in England, every day, but Lord Derby, who is now Prime Minister, has never taken *that* breakfast.

Tunnels are now essential portions of some railroads. Dr. Lardner, when they were first spoken of, asserted that "the destruction of the atmospheric air" therein, would place them *hors de combat*. He made elaborate experiments (as Dr. Smiles relates in his life of George Stephenson) to prove that the provision for ventilating shafts would be altogether insufficient to prevent the dangers arising from the combustion of coke, producing carbonic acid gas, which, in large quantities, was fatal to life. He showed, for instance, that in the proposed Box Tunnel, on the Great Western Railway, the passage of a load of 100 tons would deposit about 3,090 pounds of noxious gases, incapable of supporting life! In fact, according to Lardner, the passage through the magnificent tunnel on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, as you go from Altoona to Cresson, would kill every one—engineer, stokers, and passengers—who attempted to travel it.

With equal sagacity, in the year 1836, Dr. Lardner gravely broached the theory that no steam vessel which he had seen could carry sufficient coal to make the voyage across the Atlantic. Early in 1838 he published an article in the Edinburgh Review, which no denial can obliterate, declaring that Atlantic steam navigation must literally be "no go." Unfortunately, immediately this veto appeared, news came from New York that a small steamer, called the Sirius, had the effrontery to reach New York, from Ireland, with speed and safety, and that a large steamer, called the Great Western, had impudently done the same, from Bristol, with equal safety and more speed. For the refreshment of the popular mind we add that both vessels arrived on the same day—viz.: June 17, 1838.

Over and over again Dr. Lardner attempted to get out of this scrape. But, *Litera scripta manent!*—what he wrote remains. His original assertion can be read in the Edinburgh Review, plainly and strongly, that Atlantic steam-navigation was *impracticable*. His plea, to those who had not read and remembered the article, (as, unfortunately, a tenacious recollection made us remember,) was that he only said "it would not *pay*." We appeal from the apology to the fact.

RECEIPTS OF SOCIETIES.—The following is a comparative statement of the receipts for three years of the various institutions which have held their anniversaries in New York city for the past week:

	1857.	1858.	1859.
Am. Bible Society	$441,305	$390,759	$415,011
Am. Tract Society	420,585	386,153	363,274
*B. C. For. Missions	307,318	188,736	206,210
Pres. B. For.	205,793	223,076	230,031
Am. Home Miss'y Soc.	178,060	175,971	188,159
Am. and F. C. Union	70,296	76,603	78,203
Am. Anti-Slavery So.	19,300	18,512	13,885
N. Y. State Colonizat'n	32,278	15,624	26,835
Am. Fam. Guardian	30,353	49,719	36,039
N. Y. Sun. S. Union	15,538	13,080	——
Am. Sea. Friend Society	27,520	25,236	†24,700
Female Magdalen So.	6,546	2,926	6,484
Five Points H. of In.	22,274	17,981	11,545
Am. and For. Bap. Bible	——	20,000	30,879
Boston Tract Society	——	——	57,074
Lying-in Asylum	——	——	2,688
Am. Bap. Free Mission	——	——	17,000
Am. Cong. Union	——	——	12,117
P. E. Church Mis. So.	——	——	7,822
N. Y. Bible Society	21,755	18 712	16,781

* Nine months. † About

THE LINNET.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

Tuck, tuck, feer—from the green and growing leaves;
Yo, ie, ie—from the little song-bird's throat;
How the silver chorus weaves in the sun and 'neath the eaves,
While from dewy clover fields comes the lowing of the beeves,
And the Summer in the heavens is afloat!

Wye, wye, chir—'tis the little linnet sings;
Weet, weet, weet—how his pipy treble trills!
In his hill and on his wings what a joy the linnet brings,
As over all the sunny earth his merry lay he flings,
Giving gladness to the music of the rills!

Ia, ia, ie—from a happy heart unbound!
Lug, lug, joe—from the dawn till close of day;
There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the sunshine round,
Till the ploughman's careless whistle and the shepherd's pipe are drowned,
And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay.

Jug, jug, joey—oh, how sweet the linnet's theme!
Pea, pea, poy—is he wooing all the while?
Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling now his dream,
To soothe the heart of simple maiden sighing by the stream,
Or waiting for her lover at the stile?

Pipe, pipe, chow—will the linnet never weary?
Bel, bel, tyr—is he pouring forth his vows?
The maiden lone and eerie may feel her heart less dreary,
Yet none may know the linnet's bliss, except his love so cheery,
With her little household nestled 'mong the boughs.

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

While I waited at the railway station, a train in the contrary direction to the one for which I was waiting, stopped at the station. There were no passengers to alight or depart, and it did not stop half a minute. I looked vaguely in at them as they looked vaguely out—it was again in motion; the hiss and the snort and the grunt of the mighty animal, all a novelty to me, excited my attention; but through it all I heard a sound, a voice, a sudden exclamation, and my name was spoken in a tone I should have recognized anywhere. A face looked out from one of the carriages—it was *her* face—Hester's! I could not tell if she were altered; I only saw it was herself, and she was gone. The train whirled on, and I stood like one bewildered.

I was roused by the ringing of another bell, and a bustle among the porters; the up-train was arriving. My first impulse had been to start off in the direction in which I had seen Hester going; but the utter impossibility of a clue to where she was going stopped me. Still, I had seen her; she lived; she had recognized me, and this was such unutterable happiness, that I thought nothing of obstacles, and almost forgot my ticket and other necessary preliminaries before I took my seat in the train for London.

I had the carriage to myself till we stopped at the next station. There a britzska was waiting, in which sat a lady so muffled in furs and veils that I could not distinguish her features, for I had not yet become accustomed to the desolate feeling that I was unlikely to meet any face I knew. A footman and a "little foot page" were busied in bringing luggage; then there entered the carriage where I sat a dapper little French damsel, bearing a load of cloaks and cushions, which she arranged very carefully and daintily on the seat opposite to me, with a smiling "Pardon, monsieur, si je vous derange." The page then handed her a basket, which might have contained a sleeping infant, so carefully was it passed from one to the other, and so warmly enveloped in a satin wadded coverlet. A sharp, snarling bark betrayed its inmate—a very small white poodle, that appeared to entertain an unequivocal dislike to travelling, however commodiously his journeys were arranged. The bell rang, the dog barked, and the little French abigail was in great trouble.

"Toinette, Toinette, mamma wants you directly," screamed a child's voice.

"What can I do with Mouton? He'll jump out if I leave him," said she, in veritable distress.

"I will take care of the dog," I replied.

She scarcely stopped to thank me, but sprang out of the carriage to assist her mistress, whom I expected to find some helpless invalid, and scarcely changed my opinion as I saw the bundle of shawls and veils approach which I had seen in the britzska.

"No time to lose, ma'am; train just starting," exclaimed the guard.

But the lady did not hurry her languid, haughty pace. I thought, however, that it was only in bravado, for she jumped into the carriage lightly enough. She drew back when she saw me, and said:

"Toinette, did I not desire you to get me an empty carriage all to myself?"

"Yes, miledi; but monsieur is so very *aimable*, and takes such good care of Mouton."

At this moment, my thoughts travelled many years back, and I remembered my first introduction to Justina, and her appropriation of my Skye terrier. I saw her again as she sat on the floor coaxing the wounded animal, and her long wild curls dropping to the carpet. I fell into a reverie, and forgot to observe whether the lady of the shawls and cloaks had lifted her veil. A tall, lank girl, about fourteen years old, dressed in very short petticoats and a child's flapped hat, had also taken her place in the carriage by the side of Mamselle Toinette. This young lady was evidently not on good terms with Mouton, and frequently elicited a snarl by sundry sly pinches, an amusement she seemed greatly to enjoy.

"Look, ma, look how cross he is; how he hates me."

"Zittie darling," returned the lady, soothing the snarling favorite—"Zittie beauty! has zou got a naughty, cruel sister!"

"La, ma! how can you talk so? Sister, indeed!"

"Rosamond, child, you are quite beyond me—you are so boisterous! I shall be so glad when your new governess comes! Toinette, have you got my salts? Dere, den, zan't we be glad, Mouton, zou love, zan't we be left in peace?"

It was very strange, but in the tender accents, pronounced in a jargon supposed to be suited to canine comprehension, I seemed to hear a tone that vibrated in the past.

The languid, fine-lady voice in which she addressed her daughter, dissipated the illusion, but it always returned when she talked to Mouton. Surely, surely, I had heard that voice. I became quite anxious that she should raise her veil, and it was not very long before my curiosity was gratified. The thicker veil thrown off, there was a pink bonnet enveloped in a shower, or what, I believe, ladies call a *fall* of blonde; under that there were roses, and a fall of ringlets; under these there was a highly-rouged cheek, then there was a double chin, for the lady was fat, unmistakably, unmanageably fat, in spite of staymakers. For one moment I turned away almost disappointed; I had never seen the face before. My world was a world of strangers—if they were not friends of twenty years' standing, they were nothing to me—I had no acquaintances.

I was soon deep in the past, my thoughts following Hester Dering, whom I had so distinctly recognised, and was determined some way or other to trace. Again I was aroused by the tone of the fat lady coaxing her dog—she was looking my way, too, and smiling. Her teeth were white and even; she really was a very fine woman, especially when the knot of her pink bonnet-ribbon rather concealed the double chin. That smile again—the cheek puckered into certain well-known dimples.—Yes, I had recognized her! It was the May-rose, very full-blown, indeed; and the pale stripling girl at her side was her daughter.—How strange it all seemed! She had not recognised me, and I resolved not to make myself known, unless she discovered me herself. I had the precaution, therefore, to disguise my voice—that sure and changeless token of identity, and began by making friends with Mouton, who received my advances rather sulkily, and eyed me suspiciously, as though detecting something amiss in my sudden huskiness.—Sundry civilities then passed as to the putting up or letting down of windows, the interchange of *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*.—Fair Rosamond was reprimanded for indulging in a loud aside to Toinette as to my personal appearance; my brown face and gray hair I heard discussed.

"Rosamond, Rosamond, be quiet. Oh, what a blessing it will be when your governess comes. Won't it, Mouton?"

Then turning to me:

"It is such a difficult age to manage; you would hardly believe how tall she is of her age, and how young she is!"

"I should hardly believe her more than six years old, to look at her mother," said I.

"Oh, you flatter me; she is only just eleven—such a May-pole! Do you know this part of the country?" she continued, quite graciously. "That large house on the hill is Sir Lindesay Wolsey's, a cousin of Sir William Coddleton's. Oh, I forgot"—with a languid smile—"you do not know me—Lady Coddleton!" and she gave a sort of self-introductory bend. I bowed, and felt I ought to say something; but as I was not prepared with a fictitious name, I said something about honor and pleasure, and then, rather *apropos* to nothing, asked if she knew whether Miss Warner's place was in this part of the country.

"Oh," said she, "do you know her? She is a neighbor of mine, and I see a great deal of her in the country. You know one must patronize one's country neighbors."

I looked at the portly Lady Coddleton, not at the May-rose, and smiled internally at the idea of her patronizing Justina Warner; in fact, I felt rather angry at her presumption.

"When I knew Miss Warner," said I, "she did not require much patronizing."

"Oh, they say she was quite gay when she was young; but ever since I have known her, she is just a mere humdrum—no style, no fashion about her. You never saw such bonnets as she wears. And then meets nobody at her house but missionaries, and low-church preachers, and district-visiting old maids, and converted Jews, and that kind of people; nobody one ever saw before, or ever wished to see again; that odious Mr. Smalley, too!"

"Ha!" said I.

Lady Coddleton stopped, and seemed suddenly to recollect that I was a stranger; but once in the talking vein, it was not difficult to set her off again.

"Perhaps you are evangelical," she said, "and if so, of course you have heard Mr. Smalley."

"No," said I, "no; I have only heard his name."

"Of course, I dare say, you have heard he is going to be married to Miss Warner!"

"Married!" exclaimed I, quite startled out of my prudence. "I thought—I fancied he was a married man."

"Is he indeed? You don't say so!" said the lady, with the eager satisfied air of a gossip who has just got a new bit of scandal. "Well, I always thought there was something sly and underhand about him; and I am *quite* sure he wears a wig. But I think, as a friend, somebody ought to tell Miss Warner."

"Oh, pray don't think," said I—"don't imagine I know anything about it, or about him. But why should Miss Warner be told?"

"Oh, dear, I thought you knew that it is said she is going to be married to him. Nobody ever knew he was married before. Did dey, Mouton, ittie darling?"

She always softened off the edges of her speeches by a tender appeal to Mouton. I was rather astounded by what I heard, and had a very pardonable curiosity to hear more; but I was afraid of any direct questions, lest I should be interrogated in my turn. Miss Rosamond came to my aid.

"La! ma, it is not Mr. Smalley at all that's to marry Miss Warner. Don't you know it's the new parson?"

"Parson! Rosamond, who taught you such a vulgar expression, and what should such a child as you know about it? Mouton is quite shocked at you."

"Pray, let us have Miss Rosamond's news, however," said I.

"No, I won't tell you now," said the precocious young lady, "though I do know a great deal more. Nurse Andrews told me; and you know, ma, her husband is Miss Warner's coachman."

"So he is," said Lady Coddleton, with an air of conviction. "Well, dear child?"

"Why, old Mr. Fullerton has got a new curate at Stoke Leigh. Such a nice young man, nurse Andrews says he is; only he likes to be called a priest, and not a curate; and he has church ever so many times a day; and he won't dine out on a Friday; and Miss Warner wanted to convert him—I don't know what for, nor what to; and so Mr. Howard de Lacy, that's his name—such a pretty name, is not it?—Mr. Howard de Lacy has quite cut out Mr. Smalley—and John Andrews is always going up to the parsonage with notes and game, and sometimes little baskets of fruit and flowers; and John Andrews thinks—"

The gossiping came to a sudden end by the stopping of the train. I was so anxious to avoid recognition that, after a very hasty offer of my services, which I scarcely waited to have accepted or declined, I quitted the carriage, feeling a strange sensation of relief in thus leaving the woman who had been the object of my early, and, as I then thought, my unchanging love. There was something humiliating in feeling myself, and seeing her, so altered. The change in her, the loss of the whole identity so complete—nothing left even to interest me. Simplicity and mere prettiness, had these been, then, the only charms she had? Now, she was an empty, vain, and vulgar woman. Oh, May-rose, would I had not seen thee again, thus overblown, thus divested of all bloom. These thoughts recurred, with others not less gloomy, as I sat at my solitary dinner at the hotel. The account I had heard of Justina was not pleasant, but somehow I was sensible of a certain feeling of relief as I recalled it. One thing was certain—her engagement, if such she considered it, with me was as yet unknown, and the vision I had seen of my beloved Hester made me long to be free again. I was rather annoyed at Lady Coddleton not having recognized me—was I then grown such an old fellow, such a

"Grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,"

that I was not to be known again? I was not five-and-forty yet, but then the climate—the climate. A new idea came to me, which I was resolved to work out. I almost laughed aloud as it presented itself in various bearings, and then my constitutional shyness, which seemed to have returned upon me with almost boyish force, or rather weakness, made me look upon it with dismay. My idea was to act upon the change in my appearance made by fifteen years' sojourn in India, and to present myself, like a lover in a vaudeville, to Justina Warner as some other personage than myself. The difficulty was in the personage I should represent. After various cogitations, I resolved on a very matter-of-fact course, which was to write a letter to Miss Warner, introducing an imaginary friend of my own, and pleading indispensable business to excuse my own delay in visiting her at Whitethorns.

All was satisfactorily arranged—"Miss Warner would be delighted to receive any friend of mine," and had fixed the day for my visit.

Behold me, then, rather nervous and very shy, disdaining a black patch, and trusting to my Indian bronzing for disguise, following the name of Mr. John Wood into the drawing-room of Justina's house. There was a sound of many voices, and it was a relief to me to see quite a large party assembled. I gave my name to the servant, and a lady at the further end of the room rose and advanced to meet me. Justina Warner, was it indeed herself? The jetty and luxuriant hair which had been her chief characteristic was closely confined under a cap of almost Quaker-like plainness—there was a sharp angular look in her whole figure, and something alarmingly decided in her countenance. At the time I speak of, the fashion of female attire was full and flowing, even beyond the requirements of the strictly graceful—flounces, furbelows, and hanging sleeves were the order of the day; this made the absence of all such ornament the more conspicuous in Justina's appearance. She wore a black or dark silk dress, clinging close to her thin, spare figure, which made her look like a very elderly charity-girl.

She advanced to meet me, and as she spoke, her voice reminded me so strongly of the past, that I was instantly alive to the necessity of disguising my own. There was one sudden, quick glance at my face, but it subsided into a blank coldness. I was provided with an ear-trumpet, and I wore spectacles. I could have wished there had been more feeling in the tone with which she shouted to me her inquiries after my health, and asked when she should see me at Whitethorns. Seeing she did not the least recognize me, I apologized for my own absence with great unction, and gaining courage to look round, I discovered in one of the party Lady Coddleton. This considerably complicated the "situation;" but a sense of amusement came to my relief, and helped to free me from embarrassment.

Lady Coddleton bowed and smirked, and I took refuge by her side. Justina said:

"Oh, you know my good neighbor, Lady Coddleton, Mr. Wood—will you take her in to dinner?"

Of course, I could do no less than bow acquiescence; and found myself with the over-blown May-rose by my side at the dinner-table, rather embarrassed by having to keep up my character of deafness, as she only required a listener, and I was afraid to trust my voice more than I could help, fearing it might be recognized.

Justina took the head of the table, and at her right hand was a tall, thin, youngish man, who had handed her in. His features were finely formed, and his countenance pleasing, though somewhat melancholy. The peculiar character of his dress made me immediately recognize him as the "nice" young clergyman who liked to be called a priest.

"Mr. Smalley is out out indeed," said Lady Coddleton to me confidentially. "I do wonder which will say grace."

I affected not to hear this remark, but bowed in polite deafness.

I was intently watching Justina, and observed a tall, stout, florid faced man, with very black hair, whom I took for the butler, fidgeting behind her chair. She looked annoyed and disconcerted, and turned, as I thought, to give him some particular order about bring the champagne. His reply was in a low tone; and with an air of deference and humility, he laid his hand on his waistcoat, and raised his eyes to the ceiling, all of which I thought was an odd pantomime for a butler; but still more was I surprised to see him take the vacant seat at the bottom of the table, opposite to Justina, looking round with an air of meek triumph as he did so, and waving his hand in a patronizing way to the tall, thin man at Miss Warner's right, who forthwith said grace, and all sat down to table.

"Well, this is something new!" said my loquacious neighbor. "Nobody ever sits *there* but the General; and now there is Mr. Smalley sitting at the bottom of the table, and Mr. Howard de Lacy at the top. Which is it to be, I wonder? How odd my meeting you in the train! But you have not asked after Mouton—poor, dear, little Mouton. I have brought him here with me. We stay till next week. I have brought the child, too, Poor, dear Miss Warner is always so kind in asking her and her governess, too."

"Soup?"

"No, thank you. You see I can talk while you eat your soup;" and thus she ran on, making me almost wish myself deaf in reality.

"Lady Coddleton," said Mr. Smalley, blandly, from the end of the table, "might I have the honor, the happiness of a glass of wine with you? Which do you take? Champagne?—not that I should presume to dictate."

As he said this, he bowed over the table, and raised his eyes to hers in a very insinuating manner. I thought I saw a quick glance towards Miss Warner, as if to watch the effect on her; but she was earnestly engaged in talking to Mr. Howard de Lacy, and the coquetry of Mr. Smalley failed in its effect. Lady Coddleton bowed languidly, and preferred champagne. Still doubling himself over the table, Mr. Smalley continued, raising the whites of his great round eyes to hers:

"May I presume to 'ope you are well taken care of? Is there nothing I can assist your ladyship to? and in all humillarty and sincerarty, might I solicit an introduction to your agreeable neighbor?"

Lady Coddleton did not look quite so disgusted at this address as I expected she would. Though a falling-star, Mr. Smalley had been a star, so she introduced me to him, which I affected not to hear. I saw him bowing to empty space, while I pretended to be examining the dish opposite to me.

"Mr. Smalley wishes to be introduced to you, Mr. Wood," said Lady Coddleton, again raising her voice.

I bowed this time in reply; and Mr. Smalley said behind his hand to Lady Coddleton:

"Is your friend serious?"

She elevated her pencilled eyebrows.

"I mean," he continued, "is he a Christian?"

"Very fortunately, he is deaf," said Justina Warner from the top of the table, "or he might not approve such a question, made in such a public manner."

The eyes were now thrown beseechingly at Justina.

"In all humilarty," he began, "I beg pardon, if I have offended; but I 'oped Miss Warner would have felt and sympathised with my anxiarty on meeting a stranger pilgrim in the land, to ask, in all sincerarty, whither he is bound—whether he is a brand—whether he is a sheep or a goat."

Justina rather sharply answered:

"There is a time for all things, Mr. Smalley."

And I could not help remembering a time when she would have laughed outright at such a speech.

Nothing very interesting occurred during dinner; Mr. Howard de Lacy scarcely spoke above a whisper with Justina. When the ladies retired, Mr. Smalley took a vacant seat next me, providing himself with two dishes of candied fruits within reach, and helping himself to bumpers every time the bottle passed.

I found De Lacy frank, though timid; intelligent, though with strong prejudices. He interested me very much; and the more so, as I had been prepared for a mere priestly coxcomb—a species of vanity especially abhorrent to me—because its meanness and littleness appear doubly despicable while sheltered under a sanctuary that is in itself inviolable.

We were the first to obey the summons to the drawing-room, and continued in conversation as we entered. He grew abstracted, however, and I saw him color as he glanced to where Justina sat. "That is all right," I thought. "I will try and find out if he cares for herself or her fortune."

Seated at a round table, a fair assemblage of pink cheeks and white muslins, were busily engaged in sewing and making a variety of coarse garments for poor people; nor these only, but an infinite choice of what are called fancy articles for a bazaar. Not that I found this out by intuition, for I was considerably puzzled as to what was the possible object of their employment—the strange-shaped pieces of red cloth I saw cut and stitched, and the small dolls in very unpicturesque nudity. Then the confusion of tongues that prevailed, the constant appeals to Miss Warner. "Oh, Miss Warner, where shall I find anything to make a sack for my chimney-sweep? He is such a lovely chimney-sweep!" "Three flannel petticoats and six pen-wipers, a baby's cap, and a spectacle-wiper; is that enough for one lot?" "And the bouquets! we'll make them pay plenty for the bouquets; half-a-crown apiece—shall we, Miss Warner? and take no change?" Justina sat a little apart, and was evidently bored. I noticed all this as we entered the first drawing-room, which opened into the one in which they sat, before our entrance was perceived. De Lacy was standing irresolute, not venturing to approach Justina, when the further door opened, and a voice was heard:

"Ah, my young friends, how lovely is your diligence in the cause of chararty! Oh that the worldly-minded and the scoffers would but consider and bring it home to their own buzzoms!

"'How doth the little busy bee'"—

At this period of the discourse, Justina rose suddenly, and walked towards the place where Mr. De Lacy and I stood—

"I daresay," said she, somewhat abruptly to me, "you have no such things as fancy-fairs in India, and I think our mutual friend told me you had been with him in India."

I felt myself color as I said:

"Yes; we were very much together. Our Indian ladies are much too indolent and languid for anything of the sort. To be busy, is quite an unknown word with them."

"Be kind enough," she continued, "to tell me something real and practical as to the state of their minds. I have had it in contemplation to raise funds and send out missionaries among the ladies of Calcutta."

A glass-door leading to the lawn stood open, and Justina led the way into the garden, leaving her young fancy-workers to themselves and their own counsels.

"But how would you choose your envoys or missionaries, that they should be different from those of the established church, and what authority would they bear among a class much the same as your own in England?" said De Lacy, mildly interposing. He had joined us as we passed out.

"Ah, yes,' said she, "it would be difficult to choose them. Why should they not be women?"

He laughed outright. It was a hearty laugh, without the least tincture of a sneer, and I liked him for it. The infection caught me and I laughed too.

"What! you, too, find my notion merely ridiculous," said Justina, but not angrily.

"Forgive me," said I; "but there is something to me, an old Indian, irresistibly ridiculous in your charitable notion of sending out a freight of governesses for the fashionable ladies at Calcutta. Why not send your missionaries to Paris or Rome, or—charity begins at home—to London or Brighton, or still nearer home?"

I could not resist glancing towards the end of the room, where, through the open window, might be seen Lady Coddleton reclining on an ottoman, dividing her conversation between Mouton and an anti-fancy-fair lady, on a visit to the neighborhood.

Justina answered my glance by saying: "You are right; and it is curious enough that she has got just such a missionary as she wants, if she did but know it."

"Mr. Smalley?" said I, glancing towards that gentlemen, who was still at the bazaar-table, piously flirting with the silken curls and white muslins.

Justina's brow darkened for a moment, but the shade gave place to one of those gleams of irresistible amusement, that brought her back to me completely, as in days long past. Miss Rose, or, as her mother called her, Rosamond Coddleton, had joined the group at the table, and, at this moment, had selected a chimney-sweep doll, which she held up, and made gesticulate in ridiculous imitation of that reverend gentleman's action.

Justina held up her finger, and called Rosamond to her, who came, looking very disconcerted, till she detected Miss Warner's involuntary smile.

"No," Justina replied to me, "not Mr. Smalley, but —— Rose, my dear, where is Miss Marston to-night?"

"O, dear, I wish you would ask her to come down, dear Miss Warner. She stays moping up stairs, and she won't come down now there's company. I declare I'll go up stairs again, if she won't, and stay there."

"Now," continued Justina to us, "this young woman, this Miss Marston, is just a specimen of—"

"Woman's mission," ventured Mr. De Lacy.

"No, no! I will not be laughed out of my notion this time. Besides, Miss Marston is perfection."

"What a dreadful woman she must be!" said I. "She would never do in India."

"Now, I am quite determined to introduce her to you," said Justina: you shall see I am in earnest."

"Call Miss Marston a dreadful woman!" exclaimed Rosamond indignantly.

"Oh, but," said I, "I have such a horror of governesses. I always think of my sister in her back-board—"

Justina suddenly, for she was quick in all her movements, left the lawn, and entered the house with Rosamond.

De Lacy looked at me searchingly; then said, with a strong effort:

"Forgive me, if I presume too much on our short acquaintance; but there is a question I must ask you: you are the friend of ——. Tell me, is it true—that is, if it is not a matter of confidence—is it true that Miss Warner is engaged to your friend?"

"I will answer you candidly," said I. "A sort of engagement was made while my friend was in India; it rests with Justina Warner to cancel that engagement if—if she has repented it, as one of her hasty decisions. Will you be equally candid with me? You are interested in the question. Do you think, can you imagine, is it Miss Warner's wish to cancel that engagement?"

He blushed through his palaness like a school-girl.

"Forgive my plainness," I continued, "but I have strong reasons for urging a decided course. Will you tell me, then, plainly, if Miss Warner were free, would you propose to her *yourself*?"

He stepped back, quite in alarm.

"Myself! Oh, I should never venture. I never could bear her refusal and the scorn with which she might overwhelm me—me, a poor younger brother, she would think, seeking to marry an heiress. I have sometimes ventured to wish she were poor."

"But have you never tried to ascertain—have you no notion how she stands affected towards you?"

"No—o. Oh, no—not the least."

Yet I saw his pale face brighten up, and a sort of hopeful gleam flit across it, which told another tale.

"And suppose I should try to ascertain it for you?"

He looked at me with doubtful wonder, and then said calmly, but resolutely:

"No; you have surprised from me a secret which I never meant to betray—you, a stranger. I do not deny it, I love Justina Warner more deeply than she is the least aware of.—She treats me as a friend; she has never seen in me a pretender to her hand; if she did, I might forfeit that position which is now so dear to me. I love Justina Warner, but she shall never know it."

"At least not through any other than yourself," said I, turning round, for there stood Justina Warner just behind us.

De Lacy clasped his hands over his eyes, and looked as if he longed to make one bolt over the garden-wall. Justina looked disconcerted, but not displeased; no, I am certain she was not displeased; and though the flush of animation and joy brought back herself in her young days to my fancy, yet not even my vanity could take umbrage. She was turning to go, but I caught her hand.

"Let me take the privilege of an old friend," I said, "a very old friend."

There was the same quick look at my face.

"It is!—it must be. How could I be so blind? Gerald! what a silly trick you have played me! I never will forgive you!"

"Not quite so silly, either," I replied, still retaining her hand; "I have made great discoveries by it. I have found out that I am fifteen years older: that such as I am now, you only consider yourself bound to me in honor, and frankly and freely and truly I give you back your promise."

"What! you will not have me?" said she, and looked out of her dark eyes with the merry gipsy smile of the old days. She would have turned away before I could answer, to join the rest of the party.

What had become of poor Howard de Lacy I know not, but I found myself alone with Justina Warner. She said, in her old, quick manner, and with a sort of *mutineris* that rather alarmed me:

"And so you have come down in this melodramatic fashion to renounce me forever?"

"Not quite," replied I, laughing. "I am quite ready to fulfil our engagement, if—if you do me the honor to insist on preferring a battered, scorched, gray-haired old Indian, to any one else in the world."

She glanced at me askance, with eyes that looked very mischievous, in spite of the prim cap, to see if I was in earnest, then she turned her head away.

"Forgive me, dear Justina," I continued, "and hear my justification. Since that decision, by which we both agreed to abide, I have ascertained the existence of one—of the one—in short, the only woman—the—I mean Hester Dering."

"Thank you!" said Justina, with the little reserved manner that belonged to the prim cap, "for that balm to my vanity. I thought perhaps you had gone distraught by a vision of your first love, Rose May, who, I dare say, exists somewhere, too."

"Do you not know, then," exclaimed I, "who Rose May is? And she, too, passes me as a stranger—it is truly heart-rending."

All this time I was thinking of Hester's exclamation—*she* had known me at once. Just at this moment, there loomed upon us, at the end of the garden-walk, capacious Lady Coddleton, who had condescended to place the tips of her fingers on the arm of Mr. Smalley, who was carrying Mouton on the other.

"There!" said I, "can you conceive it possible *that* was once my May-Rose! Oh, world! oh, life! oh, time!"

Justina was almost too astonished to reply at first; then she said:

"Is it possible, Gerald! And you, too, whom I did not know, and myself—should you not have known me?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "anywhere. Take off that odious cap, and you will look just like yourself. As you have been talking to me now, I quite wondered I had thought you altered at first. It is the mind that never alters, and now you are your own natural self. You have quite forgiven me, have you not, Justina? And if I may venture any advice—But here comes poor De Lacy again. He will perhaps advise you better than I can."

"He is so young!"

"And yet you, with that buoyant, youthful character, which he so well understands, are younger still. I believe he sincerely loves you; but he is poor, noble-minded and sensitive; he shrinks from the idea of seeking you for your fortune."

I did not wait for her reply, but turned down another alley, and left the two together. I felt happy and relieved that I was free, and my task of tracing Hester Dering was now, I thought, easy; though, from the failure of all former efforts, I was at a loss how to commence my search. Pondering on this, I wandered on still in the garden alone, till a bell, ringing from the house, made me turn my steps mechanically that way. A voice near me roused me from my dreams; it was that of Rose Coddleton.

"There, now, Miss Marston, there's the tea-bell; and do pray come into the drawing-room as soon as we have taken off our bonnets. I shall go in now and get my hair done smooth. I wish ma would let me have it turned up. I am sure I am much too old for plaits, only ma likes me to look quite a child, I know."

The young lady darted off, jumping over a flower-bed, and scrambling through the shrubs, leaving her governess to follow; and I could not avoid meeting her as she walked leisurely along the narrow path of the shrubbery. We were close to each other before I looked up to observe her, and there—was it truth? Was it a dream, or the image that had so strangely filled my mind? It was really and truly Hester Dering. She stood not one moment irresolute; her recognition of me was as instantaneous as my own of her; then, with a smothered cry, she fell into my arms, and I clasped her close to my heart, as if I feared to lose her again.

The tea-bell had rung in vain, and the closing evening alone reminded us to return to the House.

Hester had passed through a life of sorrow and suffering since we had parted. I must only here briefly say what had led her to her present position.

Her mother had died and her father married again, foolishly, a young and frivolous wife. Her own marriage seemed the only chance of escape from a miserable home; but she refused all solicitations on this point, and by so doing, so entirely offended her father, that he made no opposition to her residing with the aunt (for her uncle was dead), with whom she had been before travelling that memorable summer. With her aunt she passed some tranquil years, till she was summoned to attend her father's deathbed. He died of apoplexy, and never spoke after she arrived. His affairs proved to be in the greatest disorder, and after the settlement made upon the widow, all that remained for Hester was a mere pittance.

Most unhappily, too, the kind aunt, who had been more than a mother to Hester, suffered as well as herself from the ruin of Mr. Dering, all her fortune, at her husband's death, having been placed in his hands for investment. Thus reduced in circumstances, Hester had again to decline the renewed addresses of a very disinterested admirer; but she would not leave her aunt, whose health was in a very declining state; and, removing to London, that wilderness where they might be the most unknown, Hester added to their small means of subsistence by selling her paintings and teaching music.

At last her aunt died; and till then she had never lost courage, nor felt entirely alone. She did not tell me—perhaps she has not told me yet—all she suffered at this time; sickness, poverty, and a despondency that made her unable to use the means that had before supported them both. They had changed their name with their fallen circumstances; and it was through the means of one of her musical pupils that Hester at last obtained a place as governess with Lady Coddleton.

"And so, you knew me directly, Hester," said I, "in spite of my brown face and gray hair; and neither of the others did. And you, I don't see that you are the least altered, though you have had a whole life of suffering to wear you down, while they have never had a care nor a trouble but of their own making. How is this?"

"Because, I suppose, we know each other by the soul, which 'the others,' as you call them, never did. *That* never alters, dear Gerald, that never grows old."

Hester and I were soon after married, and afterwards spent some time abroad. I had desired Williamson to write to me at Florence if any very desirable purchase of "house and land" should come to his knowledge. He presently wrote accordingly, to tell me that Miss Warner's place, Whitethorns, was to be sold, and, in his opinion, would just suit me.

I hurried to Hester with the letter, in which there was not a word of Justina, nor any reason given for the sale of her property. I then looked vaguely through the English newspapers. They were full of tidings of fearful interest, for it was at the height of the Crimean war—that sudden reality of horror which brought such bitter experiences of sorrow, privation, disease, suffering, and "sundry kinds of death," into a class in England with whom all this had before been as mere words. I had but few friends for whom to feel a personal anxiety, and Hester took the paper from my hands to look for marriages. An exclamation of amused surprise escaped her.

"Oh, Gerald! guess who is married?"

"Justina Warner, of course."

"Oh, you forget that marriage was fixed for the week after we left England. Guess again."

"No—tell me."

"Well, then, Lady Coddleton to the Rev. Samuel Smalley."

I ought not to have been surprised, but somehow the identity of Lady Coddleton with Rose May flashed suddenly across me, and I felt almost personally insulted that she had made so foolish a choice; I felt literally ashamed of her and of my successor. Hester was lenient in her judgment, but could not discuss the subject without laughing.

We had returned to London, and almost the first visit we received at our hotel in Albemarle Street was from Howard de Lacy. He was duly preceded by his card, or I should scarcely have recognized him, so worn he looked, so altered, and there was an ominous hectic in his hollow cheeks. I felt sure there was something wrong, something amiss; yet, with that strange reserve only comprehensible between two shy Englishmen, we neither of us pronounced the name of Justina.

Hester came suddenly in upon us, and at once exclaimed:

"But Justina, why is she not with you? Is she well? Tell me where I shall find her?"

It was some minutes before he replied—the two red spots on his cheeks grew redder, and then quite pale.

"Miss Warner," said he, "is in the Crimea."

"In the Crimea!" repeated I.

"Not married!" exclaimed my wife.

He wrung my hand, and was quite unable to speak. At last he said:

"Gerald, she is a noble creature! I am not worthy of her, and ought not to complain. As you have been abroad, and have not perhaps seen the newspapers, it must come on you strangely enough; and the name of Florence Nightingale would tell you nothing. *Her* story seems, indeed, to belong to the age of saints and martyrs, and to give a touch of beauty and dignity to ours, a glory of courage and devotedness. But of Justina—do not ask me to tell you the details of how it all came about. She is one of the hospital nurses at Scutari."

"But, after all," I said, "your engagement continues? She will return; and then—"

He looked more disconsolate than ever.

"No," said he; "all is over between us. The letters she has written to me since her departure have dissolved our engagement."

I was struck with his pertinacity in refusing every hope drawn from suggestions of caprice or instability in his admired Justina. He seemed determined to think her resolution irrevocable, and was so engrossed with the idea of her sacrifice of himself, that he scarcely wished to see her come down from the pedestal where he had placed her.

"Poor De Lacy," said I, as he closed the door; "he will not live long; he looks as if he were going into a decline."

"I don't think so," said Hester, and she looked as incredulously hard as Barbara Alleyne herself; "at least, not for the love of Justina Warner."

Two years after this, when Hester and I were quietly settled in our English home, Mr. and Mrs. Howard de Lacy came to pay us a visit of a "parson's week." Mrs. Howard de Lacy was very fair, very girlish, with the clear, transparent freshness and mild eyes of one of Francia's Madonnas. She was a distant cousin of her husband's, and they were so much alike that perhaps it was the only reason they had never before appreciated each other. Howard still colored at the name of Justina Warner—a name never changed. She has kept a resolution at last!

She returned from her pilgrimage among the last of the brave lady-nurses, "a sadder and a wiser" woman, but a much happier one. This time, it had not been the mere spurt of enthusiasm—a simply benevolent amusement; it had been reality; charity, baptised in the fiery chalice of self-sacrifice.

Justina Warner has found at length her vocation, and a worthy aim for her active energies. Her charities are not confined to one department—she helps the poor, teaches the young, and cures the sick. Truth, however, compels me to state that hers is not such a complete reformation from all eccentricity and whim as I should feel proud to present my readers as a moral at the conclusion of this story. There are no such sudden transformation in real life. Yet few acquainted with Justina Warner as she is, would wish her different from herself. You would never even wish her younger—the handsome, cheery, matronly spinster! No husband invented on purpose could possibly have made her happier than she is. She has succeeded to a noble fortune, on the death of the General, and she has learned the lesson how to use it nobly, for she has studied the wants of others.

We are all getting far into the "middle ages" now, and often talk of these bygone days over Christmas fires and on summer holidays. We also talk of future ones; and there is a marriage on the tapis between my second daughter, Justina's godchild, and Howard de Lacy's eldest son. I did not half like it at first, but it was Miss Warner who insisted on gaining my consent.

AUTHORS OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."
J. M. Sewell.—*Epilogue to Cato.*

"And thereby hangs a tale."
Shakspeare.—*As You Like It.*

"And man the hermit, sighed till woman smiled." Campbell.—*Pleasures of Hope.*

"And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."
Pope.—*Essay on Criticism.*

"He whistled as he went for want of thought."
Dryden.—*Cymon and Iphigenia.*

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."
Pope.—*Satires. To Mr. Fortescue.*

"Woman—last at the cross, and earliest at the grave." E. B. Barrett.—*Woman: A Poem.*

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."
Nat. Lee.—*Play of Alexander the Great.*

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast."
Congreve.—*The Mourning Bride.*

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
Goldsmith.—*Edwin and Angelina.*

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."
Pope.—*Moral Essay.*

"Throw physic to the dogs."
Shakspeare.—*Macbeth.*

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"
Ib.

"My way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf." *Ib.*

"I'll make assurance doubly sure." *Ib.*

"Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won." Goldsmith.—*Deserted Village.*

"Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall."
Cowper.—*The Task.*

"For winter lingering chills the lap of May."
Goldsmith.—*The Traveller.*

"Let who may make the laws of a people, allow me to write their ballads, and I'll guide them at my will." Sir Philip Sidney.

"Rolled darkling down the torrent of his fate."
Dr. Johnson.—*Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise." Akenside.—*Epistle to Cairo.*

"Whatever is, is right." Pope.—*Essay on Man.*

"The proper study of mankind is man." *Ib.*

"Man never is, but always to be, blest. *Ib.*

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." *Ib.*

"And to party gave up what was meant for mankind." Goldsmith.—*Retaliation.*

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."
Johnson.—*Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
Pope.—*Essay on Criticism.*

"And even his failings leaned to virtue's side."
Goldsmith.—*The Deserted Village.*

"Oh wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us." Burns.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."
Shakspeare.—*Hamlet.*

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."
Bishop Berkeley.

☞ "You can't even tell who made the monkey, for all you pretend to know so much," said an impertinent fop to a clergyman, who had reproved him for profanity.—"Yes, I can," said the clergyman. "Well, then, who did make the monkey?" "He who *made you.*"

☞ Logic.—No cat has two tails? Granted. Then, a cat has one tail more than no cat? True. Well, then, we have proved that a cat has three tails!

VENETIANS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post, by G. P. R. James.

THE FELD MARSCHALL.

There is a man with snowy hair,
And with a mild gray eye,
Of gentle mien, and person spare,
And look both kind and high.
It is the old Feld Marschall,
The gallant old Feld Marschall,
The man of many fights.

He hears the cannon's summons hoarse,
With sorrow, mixed with joy,
As ready now to mount his horse,
As when he was a boy.
So feels the old Feld Marschall,
The gallant, good Feld Marschall,
The man of many fights.

Honor to him is sure to come,
Where'er the field is fought;
But with the beating of that drum
Sad memories are brought
Unto the old Feld Marschall,
The kind-hearted Feld Marschall,
The man of many fights

He sees the peasant's hut aflame,
He sees in fancy more:
Pillage and death, and blood and shame,
As he has seen before.
It grieves the old Feld Marschall,
The generous, just Feld Marschall,
The man of many fights.

"We seek not war; 'tis peace we urge,"
The ancient warrior cries;
"But shame on him who brings the scourge,
And shame on him who flies."
So says the old Feld Marschall,
The fearless old Feld Marschall,
The man of many fights.

THE PILOT-FISH.

It was in the month of May, 1798, that the ship which bore the celebrated French zoologist, M. Geoffrey, lying becalmed between Cape Bon and the Island of Malta, when the *ennui* of the passengers was dissipated by the approach of a shark. He was preceded by two pilot-fishes that directed their course towards the ship's stern, which they suspected twice, swimming from one end to the other. Not finding anything, they for a time departed. The shark, it is asserted, never lost sight of the pilots, and he seems to have followed them as if he had been an iron shark, and they had been maggots. The sailors threw overboard a large hook baited with pork. The three, observing the splash of the bait, stopped. The two pilots advanced, as if to examine the cause. While they were gone, the shark was seen playing upon the surface of the level sea, now diving, now reappearing in the same place. When the pilots discovered the pork, they swam swiftly back to the shark, took the lead, and all three made toward the ship. The shark did not seem to discover the bait till it was pointed out to him by the pilots, when he made a rush at it, was hooked and hoisted on board. Here the pilots appear to have led their friend to his death. The next witness, a captain in the royal navy, gives the leaders credit for greater sagacity. Captain Richards, while on the Mediterranean station, saw following the ship a shark attracted probably by a corpse which had been committed to the deep. The day was fine. A shark-hook baited with pork was thrown out. The shark, attended by four pilot fishes, repeatedly approached the bait. Whenever he did so one of the pilots was distinctly seen from the taffrail to run his snout against the shark's head, as if to turn it away.

After some further play, the shark swam off in the wake of the vessel, his dorsal fin being long distinctly above water. When, however, he had gone a considerable distance, he made a sudden turn, darted after the ship, and, before the pilots could overtake him, snapped at the bait and was fast. In hoisting him up, one of the pilots was observed clinging to his side until he was half out of the water, then it fell off. All the pilot-fishes then swam about a while, as if in search of their friend, with every appearance of anxiety and distress; they then darted suddenly down into the depths of the sea. Dr. Mayen deposes that he saw no less than three instances in which the shark was led by the pilot-fish. When the former neared the ship, the pilot swam close to his snout, or near his pectoral fins. Sometimes the pilot-fish darted rapidly forwards and sideways, as if looking for something, and constantly went back to the shark. When the latter was within twenty paces from the ship, a piece of bacon fastened to a great hook was thrown overboard. Quick as lightning, the pilot-fish darted up, smelt at the bait, and instantly went back again to the shark, swimming many times round his snout, and splashing, as if to give him exact information as to the bacon. The shark then put himself in motion, the pilot showing him the way, and in a moment was fast to the hook.

☞ Napoleon's Thunder.—It is said that Meyerbeer, in his new opera, produces his effect of thunder by means of grape-shot being continually rolled backwards and forwards. It strikes us that Louis Napoleon produces his thunder much in the same way. He is continually rolling from one point to another large quantities of ammunition, which make a terrific noise, and frighten people into the belief that there is going to be a fearful storm. Europe has had enough of this thundering nuisance, and we wish that Master Louis, if he really intends being quiet, would leave his grape-shot and cannon-balls alone. Such materials may suit the purpose of a composer, like Meyerbeer, but are dangerous instruments in the hands of such a celebrated discomposer as the Emperor of the French.—*London Punch.*

☞ Reformers are always dinging away at the same old story. Precisely. It is just what the old tree says to the axe: "Don't keep hitting in the same place." But the axe says to the tree, "How else shall I get you down?"—*G. W. Curtis.*

☞ A French writer mentions as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland, in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Book the First. Recalled to Life.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINE-SHOP.

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthen-ware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infant's mouths; others made small mud embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the fire-wood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of St. Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a night-cap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees—Blood.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially, the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every door-way, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of fire-wood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of any thing to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred into atomies in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some rancid drops of oil.

Its abiding place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow, winding street, full of offence and stench, with other narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and night-caps, and all smelling of rags and night-caps, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about, enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all, grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the porkman painted up only the leanest scrags of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but, the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gunmaker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all: which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pully; at night, when the lamplighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamp-lighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, of fine song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way,

"Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me thou—is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other.—"Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was, quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then re-crossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply curling, short, dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes, and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humored looking, on the whole, but implacable looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly-defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there; two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

"What the devil do you do in that galley there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilled wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of any thing but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! so much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold, then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen—my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced, in a casual manner, round the wine-shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good-day! The chamber, furnished bachelor-fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The door-way of the staircase gives on the little court-yard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favor of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out.—Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black court-yard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly."

Thus, Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I would take him, and, at my peril, be discreet—as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be bad enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep, dark shaft of dirt and poison, of the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted seemed to escape, and all spoilt and sickly vapors seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighborhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre-Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained,

and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any questions by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

"The door is locked, then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible?" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But, by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here, assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them, in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"*I* think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it, three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What!"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make.—Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a dry depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the window of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means, that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one, the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet, work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. D'ISRAELI ON THE WAR QUESTION.

[On the 2nd of May, Mr. D'Israeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Ministerial leader of the English House of Commons, was elected Member for Buckinghamshire, for the sixth time in succession. On this occasion he made a speech to his constituents, which is of very great interest on account of the fullness with which it enunciates the views of the Government upon Foreign politics, and the unusual frankness of its communication. We here subjoin all its leading passages:]

THE CASUS BELLI.

There is no doubt that the condition of Italy has led to the present position of affairs. [Loud cheers.] With the exception of that part which belonged to Austria, Italy was divided among a number of petty princes, whose administration, generally speaking, was deplorable, and who persevered in that administration because they knew that from great reasons of State, Austria, in order to preserve order in the Peninsula, would always interfere if there were any domestic insubordination or insurrection. Some years back, one of these petty States, with admirable spirit, determined to emancipate itself from this condition. Sardinia, to her honor, laid some foundation at least of public freedom.—[Hear, hear.] Sardinia showed on many occasions that she was animated by a desire to raise herself in the respect of mankind, and to follow those intelligent principles of government which are now generally accepted.—[Hear.] But, unfortunately, the ambition of a State naturally developes itself with its consciousness of superior excellence; and, as Sardinia felt her superiority to the other petty States of Italy, which remained in their insignificant position, she naturally felt that she was more capable of governing Italy with effect than her rivals, and she took that course which clearly indicated a desire to occupy a more important position in Italy than under treaties she is entitled to, or at present occupies. This places her, to a certain degree, in rivalry with Austria; but as it was impossible for Sardinia really to compete in military strength with one of the greatest Powers of Europe, she looked to the countenance and support of an ally, who rivals in force of arms and in the valor and skill of his troops, anything which Austria can produce. You see, therefore, that from the rivalries and jealousies of France and Austria, how dangerous a condition of affairs has been brought about. At the beginning of this year, the Emperor of the French, by words with which you are familiar, publicly announced to Europe, that the relations between Austria and France were no longer strictly of an amicable character. It was not difficult to discover that the cause of that rising misunderstanding between France and Austria was the condition of Italy, which these two great Powers viewed from distant points, and with different purposes.

LORD COWLEY'S MISSION.

You all know that, under the advice of the Queen's Ministers, our Ambassador at Paris held a confidential conversation with the Emperor of the French, and made himself perfectly master, as he believed—and I have no reason to think, from what has subsequently transpired, that there was any want of sincerity in what took place, or any concealment—of the intentions of the Emperor. He repaired to London, he conferred with the Ministers here, and, with the sanction of Her Majesty, he went to Vienna, there to make himself acquainted with the feelings and views of the Emperor of Austria, and by this means ultimately to bring about an understanding upon the condition of Italy which would prevent war. The mission of Lord Cowley was eminently successful—no, not eminently, but entirely successful.

RUSSIA PROPOSES A CONGRESS.

He returned to London, and gave us every conviction that we should obtain our object; but, before he could reach Paris, the Minister of the Emperor of Russia, in consequence of the state of Europe, had proposed that the affairs of Italy should be submitted to a Congress; and, therefore, instead of a mediation by England between France and Austria, a Congress of the Five Great Powers was proposed for the settlement of the question. The Government, without hesitation and without loss of time—though not without long and due deliberation—felt that if their scheme of mediation was played against the scheme of a Congress, the probable end would be that nothing would be done. [Hear, hear.] The only objection to the scheme was, that if a Congress of the Five Great Powers—Russia being one—met, other subjects than the condition of Italy might be brought before it. The recent treaties which resulted from the Russian war might have been introduced, and so, instead of effecting the settlement which we desired, instead of preventing war between France and Austria, we might have been involved in negotiations and discussions which would have been either fruitless or prejudicial.

HOW ENGLAND ACCEPTED IT.

Therefore, it was only on four conditions that we accepted the Congress. It was to be directed only to the consideration of the condition of Italy, it was to obtain the evacuation by foreign troops of the petty States of Italy, it was to deliberate on the reform of Italian institutions and on the amelioration of the condition of the Italian people, it was to secure means by which war between Sardinia and Austria would be rendered less likely to occur, and to put an end to those treaties between Austria and the quasi independent States of Italy which were the excuse for Austria always entering into their territories when any attempt was made by the people to ameliorate their condition.

LORD PALMERSTON'S OPINION.

But Lord Palmerston says the Government has made two great mistakes. The first was the undertaking of the mediation between France and Austria, without previously obtaining from France and Austria a formal recognition of our capacity as mediators.

VINDICATION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

If you will give me your attention for a moment, I hope to show you that this charge has no foundation. Undoubtedly it would have been a great advantage if, before we attempted to mediate between France and Austria, we could have gotten some written instrument from them, by which we were empowered to mediate, and which distinctly laid before us the points in which we were to mediate. But that is begging the question of the whole business. * * * When we first addressed ourselves to the Emperor of the French, though he professed himself anxious, and I believe sincerely so, that all these difficulties should be removed in an amicable manner, he would not make any proposition to Austria, nor would he empower us to make any proposition, because he believed that Austria would totally reject any proposition which he might deem satisfactory, and thus he would be subjected to what he would consider an insult. In the same way Austria would make no proposition, would empower us to make no proposition; but the Emperor of the French said: "Although I will make no proposition, I will tell you what I think ought to be done for Italy—what will satisfy my wishes—and if you think it reasonable, you may go to Austria and submit it to her, though I do not think that Austria will ever accede to it." By this means we were made perfectly acquainted with the views of the Emperor of the French. We did go to Austria, and Austria behaved in what I styled, and think justly styled, in the House of Commons, "a spirit of dignified conciliation."—[Hear.] For, though the Emperor of the French believed that Austria would never agree to the proposals which he made with regard to Austria, though we expected to meet with great difficulties, and though we did meet with great difficulties, yet the Ambassador of the Queen entirely succeeded, and the Emperor of Austria did make all the concessions we desired.—[Cheers.] Those were great results. But if we had asked Austria and France before we mediated, to appoint us formal mediators, the only result would have been that we should have done nothing at all, because neither France nor Austria would have made any proposition of their own.

HOW DID RUSSIA ACT?

It is said that it was unfortunate that before Lord Cowley arrived at Paris, Russia should have interfered with the proposition of a Congress. It is said that this prevented peace, and that it was the result of a deep design on the part of Russia. Well, gentlemen, experience teaches me—and I have had a good deal of experience—that men, however exalted their places, are not always so profound or so adroit as the world imagines them. I do not think that the conduct of Russia was the offspring of any deep policy, or was prompted by any spirit of finesse. [Cheers.] The fact is, I believe the Emperor of the French was desirous of peace, provided he could obtain peace with honor, provided he could have it with a diplomatic triumph, and could have done something for the Italians, which would have been in one way a check upon Austria, and in another would have added lustre to his own authority. And as he had no confidence that the mission of Lord Cowley—or rather the visit I should call it, since it had no official character—would be successful, he seized upon the proposition which Russia made for a formal meeting of the great Powers, knowing that, if a Congress were agreed to, it would be an assemblage of great importance and weight, which would prove his influence in Europe, and which would lead to the results which he desired. I can account for Russia making that proposition, because it is never agreeable to a Power of the greatest rank, to see the affairs of the world settled as they would have been, by England, France and Austria. It was, of course, pleasing to the pride of Russia, and I have no doubt her proposal may be accounted for in that way.

THE RUSSO-FRENCH TREATY.

It would have been impossible for me to make these observations a few days ago, because the country was informed on authority which, though anonymous, was of that bouncing character that no one dared say "No" to it—that a secret treaty had been formed between France and Russia—that their fleets were to be united for the destruction of our maritime supremacy and for the partition of Europe. Of course, then, the observations which I have made would not have been listened to even upon these hustings, where I have always been received with so much indulgence. I can give you no information as to the quarter from which, or by what means, those enormous statements were made. They have, I believe, ruined many virtuous families in this country; they have shaken credit in every nation; but this I can assure you, that there is not the slightest tittle of foundation for those statements. [Loud cheers.] There is no treaty existing between France and Russia, there is no secret treaty between France and Russia, there is no secret convention existing between France and Russia. [Loud cheers.] There is between France and Russia what may be called an engagement, which they were not bound in any way to communicate to this country, but which was communicated to this country voluntarily some time ago by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. [Cheers.] It amounted simply to this—that, in case of a war between France and Austria, Russia should assemble an army of observation on her German frontier.—Russia has as much right to assemble an army of observation on her German frontier, as England has to send, as she is about to send, a commanding fleet to the Mediterranean. [Loud Cheers.] Both may be, probably are, means to maintain peace rather than make war.—[Cheers.] But I have further to acquaint you that we have felt it our duty not only to request and to receive those communications from the Governments of France and Russia, but we have gone even beyond this, and have asked the Russian Government what, perhaps, according to the strictness of diplomatic etiquette, we were not justified in asking, but which we asked in the confidence of a Power that always acts with confidence and straightforwardness towards her allies—we have asked the Russian Government whether, in case of a war between France and Germany, they have entered into any engagement to declare war against Germany. And we have received from the Russian Government the most explicit and most unequivocal declaration that no engagement of the kind exists, or ever has been asked. So much, then, for the secret treaties, so much for the secret conventions, so much for the secret engagements between France and Russia, directed only to one object—the humiliation, and perhaps the destruction of England.

THE DANISH-FRENCH TREATY.

You see, gentlemen, how necessary it is that a country should not decide in heat and passion. Why, the very same day it was also announced, on great authority, that there was a secret treaty between Denmark and France, with the same purpose. Every one sees what the object of that was—that the whole Scandinavian navy should probably be united to that of Russia and France, in order to destroy the supremacy of England. Well, we have made inquiries of the Court of Denmark. She is our natural ally and friend, and I am bound to say a Power which has on all occasions of late exhibited the utmost friendliness and confidence towards England. And I have the very best authority for thus publicly stating that there is not the shadow of a foundation for that statement. [Cheers.] And that if—which God forbid—we ever have to call on our allies and friends to rally round our standard, and support the cause of freedom, truth and justice, I look with the utmost reliance to the spirit of Scandinavia being enlisted on our side. [Cheers.]

WHAT CAUSED THE RUMORS?

But what was the origin of these enormous falsehoods? There was a party once, which, we were told, practised enormous lying. [Laughter.] I believe it was a calumny, although the observation was made by one of the members of that party. [A laugh.] But whether, as some say, it was an attempt to create a prejudice against France and Russia—and that appears to me probably too deep a design to be true—whether it was a great stock-jobbing manœuvre—and for the credit of human nature I trust there is no foundation for that suspicion—or whether it be, as I fear is the natural and correct solution, that it was to create at the moment of the general election a prejudice against Her Majesty's Ministers—all these conjectures I must leave for your better judgment to determine. Possibly time may reveal the mystery. [Cheers.] Certainly it was very convenient for gentlemen on the hustings to abuse Lord Malmesbury, and say—"What supine men these are! While they have been reposing credulous confidence in the good intentions of France, and in the conciliation of Austria, all this time these acute judges of human conduct were ignorant that a deep conspiracy had been long maturing for the abasement of English power, perhaps for the destruction of English independence, for the partition of Europe, and the demolition of the British navy!" I believe this language has had some effect; but, fortunately, we live in an age when truth no longer is at the bottom of a well—[a laugh]—we can soon correct what is false; we can speedily promulgate what is true. What I have stated to you to-day is the truth of these circumstances; and, therefore, it is not for me—difficult as is the position of public affairs, dangerous as I may indeed call it—to stand here and denounce the Powers of Europe; because I do not think, though war has probably already commenced, that England, or even Russia, ought to forego her position as mediator. I believe that we ought to be prepared—whether our armies are on the German frontier, or whether our fleets and squadrons are careering in the Mediterranean or the Adriatic, to watch events, to seize the favorable opportunity when we may terminate the struggle, and obtain a settlement of Europe founded upon justice, and upon those regulations which may permit of a permanent adjustment.

WILL ENGLAND HAVE TO FIGHT?

Now, I may be asked—and it is a very fair question—what is your opinion of the conflict that has now begun—what will be its effect upon England, and what probability is there of her being drawn into its vortex? Gentlemen, my policy is, I believe, the policy of every sound-headed man in this country. The policy of England is evidently one of peace. [Cheers.] Her interference in other States, in order to change their domestic institutions, or to influence their internal affairs, whatever may be its motives, is, I think, invariably a mistake. But although the interest as well as the policy of England is peace, it is of the utmost importance that she should be prepared for war. [Cheers.] It is our best security for our tranquility and for the tranquility of Europe, that England should show that she is a Power which can assert her influence at a moment with effect. Well, what is our present condition in that respect? Have we been caught napping? I have no wish now to claim any merit for Her Majesty's Government to which they are not entitled. I am quite sure that, whoever might have been the Ministers of the Queen, their foreign policy would have been exactly the same as ours, and that, as regards their preparation for eventual dangers and duties, they would have adopted the same course as we have done.

ENGLAND'S EFFICIENCY FOR WAR.

It is, therefore, not in any boastful spirit, but with, I hope, the becoming pride of an Englishman speaking to Englishmen, that I tell you what is our situation. You have in India 100,000 seasoned and valiant troops, such as the world, probably, never saw before—certainly equal to that army which Wellington rendered immortal. [Cheers.] A great portion of that force ought to quit India for England. They are at our command; and if they come here, it is not from the necessity of this country, but because the happy course of affairs in India, and the position of the Indian Government, make it desirable that they should return home. You have in England itself, at this moment, 100,000 men, not equal, perhaps, to those who have been seasoned in the illustrious campaigns of India, but disciplined, and, I need not add, brave soldiers, since they are your countrymen. [Cheers.] I was told by one of the honorable gentleman who preceded me, that nothing would satisfy him but that we should have a powerful fleet in the Channel. You will have, before six weeks have passed, not only a powerful fleet in the Channel, but also a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean. [Cheers.] What nation in the world, then, can compete with England? For, with all these, you have a condition of your finances which is most wholesome and healthy; and these great armaments, which will never be exercised except for your defence, or for the maintenance of your honor, and the vindication of your absolute interests, will be supported by a people lightly taxed, greatly prospering, and whose heart and soul are with the institutions of their country.—[Cheers.] Why, then, are we to be alarmed? Why ought we not rather to feel that ours is the position to give temperate counsels, prepared as we shall be to support those counsels with that authority which belongs to a counsellor who is known to be strong. [Cheers.]

CONDITION OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

But what is the condition of other countries? I shall not single out for remark any particular State, Sovereign, King, Emperor, or Dominion; but we have seen something of European war on a great scale within our recent experience; and let us look to the ways and means by which those haughty Princes and their mighty armies, carry on war. Why, when the second campaign comes the shoe always pinches. [Hear.] I cannot see that there is any continental Power which can enter upon a third campaign. [Cheers.] I know very well it is sometimes observed that at the great French Revolution Mr. Pitt said that France was in such a state of insolvency that she could not hold out for two campaigns, and yet the war lasted for twenty-five years. That is all very true, but then great French revolutions do not happen very frequently. Little French revolutions may. [Laughter and cheers.] The great French Revolution is to modern what the Siege of Troy was to ancient history, and it is not going to be repeated. We know very well that war, always a very costly operation, has immensely increased in its expenditure, from the circumstances under which it is now waged. Your armies are larger, your munitions are much more extravagant, your artillery now costs as much as the whole of your armaments in old days, and the means of destruction are much more complete. Well, what is the condition of England? The world has been startled by an announcement made within these few days that a great Sovereign has gone down to his Council and obtained a vote of twenty millions of money to carry on the war. The world seems frightened at a Monarch who can raise twenty millions—the funds fall, and everybody thinks that even the independence of England is threatened. What is twenty millions of money by way of loan to carry on a war? It goes like water. [A Voice—"But then £300,000,000."] Why, £800,000,000, if owed by an industrious and free people, is a flea-bite. [Laughter and cheers.] My friend seems quite frightened by our national debt. ["No, no," and laughter.] Let me tell you how England carries on war. An Emperor of the French, or of Russia, or of Austria, has a loan of twenty millions—all to be spent in a year; and allow me to tell you that that is an experiment which cannot be very often repeated. [A laugh.] But what does the Queen of England do? She goes down to her Parliament, and, with their concurrence, by one single tax, and that not heavily imposed, can, in any emergency, raise twenty millions per annum. [Cheers.] Why if the country were in danger, we could, by the aid of the income tax alone—and God forbid that this should ever come to pass, or that I should be the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose it, [laughter]—but by levying a simple income tax of ten per cent., we could have twenty millions a year. Not in loans, not by borrowing money, not even adding to the terrors of my alarmed friend [cheers and laughter]; but out of our annual revenue, and all this not grudgingly, but heartily given. And adding to that sum derived from taxation, a loan of £20,000,000 a year, if you want loans—for England could give the Queen a loan of £20,000,000 per annum for ten years running, if necessary, if the honor of the country required it; and at the end of that period the national resources, instead of being exhausted, would not really be found, considering the circumstances of the case—that the freedom of her people, the independence of her realm, and the greatness of her empire were at stake to have been seriously impaired by such a contribution. [Cheers.]

WHOM WILL THE WAR INJURE.

When I know these things, I am not intimidated by the leagues of Kings and Emperors. I know well that if there is to be a war of nationalities, of opinions and of races—a war of revolution and re-construction, we shall weather the storm. [Cheers.] It will not be England that will suffer. It is Europe that will be injured, Europe that will be desolated, and the very potentates whose pride, and ambition, and lust of conquest are bringing about this perilous state of affairs will find themselves at the end in an inferior position to that which they now occupy. [Cheers.]

THE COLONIES IN THE ISSUE.

Gentlemen, we hear a great deal of the balance of power, of the importance of sustaining certain barriers in Europe, and many other axioms, all of which to a certain degree are true, and which may for a certain time continue to prevail. But let me take this opportunity of impressing upon you that the day is coming, if it has not already come, when the question of the balance of power cannot be confined to Europe alone. Since the time when that doctrine obtained great communities have risen in another hemisphere, who will not permit the balance of power to be limited to Europe. You have on the other side of the Atlantic vigorous and powerful communities, who will no longer submit to your circumscribed theory of authority. The Australian colonies, though now in their youth, but in the youth of giants, have already, as it were, thrown their colossal shadow over Europe. And it is for old Europe I lament that she is exhausting her energies and her resources in these wars. I could wish that she would rather prepare for that awful competition which in coming times she must encounter. I would rather see France, and Germany, and Russia develope their resources, improve their agriculture, increase their population, and cultivate the arts of life, social and scientific, instead of wasting their strength, risking their stability, and sinking, when the era to which I have referred arrives, by their own mismanagement and want of prescience into an inferior and exhausted position.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE.

Remember always that England, though she is bound to Europe by tradition, by affection, by great similarity of habits, and all those ties which time alone can create and consecrate, is not a mere Power of the Old World. Her geographical position, her laws, her language and religion, connect her as much with the New World as with the Old. And although she has occupied not only an eminent, but, I am bold to say, the most eminent position among European nations for ages; still, if ever Europe, by her short-sightedness, falls into an inferior and exhausted state, for England there will remain an illustrious future. [Cheers.] We are bound to the communities of the New World, and those great States which our own planting and colonizing energies have created, by ties and by interests which will sustain our power, and enable us to play as great a part in the times yet to come as we do in these days, and as we have done in the past. [Cheers.] And, therefore, now that Europe is on the eve of war, I say it is for Europe, not for England, that my heart sinks. And this I hope, that it will be by the influence of England that the unhappy struggle which has just opened, may be one of short duration; that it may limited in its range, and local in its character; and that after some brief encounters of arms both France and Austria may feel that it would be well, by the influence of those who have not been seduced by their political passions, to terminate the strife and secure at the same time the better government of Italy and the peace of the world. [Cheers.]

THE PROPOSED DISARMAMENT.

It was also said by Lord Palmerston that the Congress which was proposed in lieu of the mediation was also an error, because Austria would not consent to that Congress except upon terms which were alike absurd and impossible, the terms of Austria being that she would not agree to a Congress unless before the business of it was discussed the disarmament of the Powers should take place. That, said Lord Palmerston, was a condition absurd and impossible, and no wonder, therefore, the Congress failed. * * * It is a fact that Austria made it a condition to her assenting to the Congress that there should be a previous disarmament of the Powers. It is a fact that this was very much objected to. It is a fact that England thought this on the whole a condition which was practicable and ought to be recommended. It is a fact that France, which first objected to it, at length cordially accepted it. It is a fact that eventually, through the influence of France, Sardinia, which had shown a great repugnance to it, unconditionally accepted it. [Cheers.] And just at the moment when all parties had agreed to the Congress—just at the moment when all parties had agreed that the first business of the Congress, before it went into the condition of Italy, should be the settlement of the terms upon which, and the appointment of the commissioners by whom the general disarmament was to take place, Austria adopted that, I still think, fatal mistake of sending the message to Sardinia which has led to the war that has since ensued. [Cheers.]

MINISTERIAL STRENGTH IN PARLIAMENT.

Gentlemen, I think I have answered the two—and the only two—charges that were urged against the foreign policy of the Government by Lord Palmerston. And I would now only observe that in a very short time a new Parliament will assemble. What may then occur we shall probably know in due season. [A laugh.] But this I think I can say, although the general election has by no means terminated, that her Majesty's Ministers will find in the next Parliament a considerable accession of strength. [Cheers and laugh.] There will certainly be a compact and united party in Parliament, animated by the same spirit holding the same opinions, and acknowledging the discipline of a party having, I hope, and as I think events have proved, some confidence in their leaders, and in their numbers perhaps not inconsiderably exceeding three hundred. And whether these gentlemen sit behind the Minister or before him, depend upon it that is a great fact for the consideration of this country. It will give strength to the Throne, it will add authority to the council of the Crown, of whomsoever they may be formed, it will increase the weight and maintain the character of Parliament, and, at a moment of danger like the present, it will represent in a great degree the united patriotism of the British people. [Cheers.] * * * * Whatever may be the fate of Government, I look, then, for this Parliament to be an assembly which will obtain the confidence of their country. I think it will be formed of men anxious to do their duty to England! and I do most earnestly pray that, whatever may be the consequence of their decisions upon the fate of Ministers, all they do may be for the honor of their land, for the advantage of their sovereign, and for the benefit of the world. [Loud and continued cheering.]

MODIFICATION IN THE MODE OF CONDUCTING BATTLES, ARISING FROM IMPROVED ARMS.—There have been many curious speculations as to the modifications which the improvements in the art of war, and the invention of more destructive weapons, would produce in the method of conducting battles between civilized nations possessing these increased means of killing each other. A writer in the last number of the Edinburgh Review thus discourses upon the subject:

It is much easier to describe these improvements than it is to estimate what their probable effects may be on the science of war, when they are brought to the test of actual experience, though it cannot be doubted but that very great changes in the manœuvring of troops and the mode of fighting battles must result from them, and that the general who first appreciates their effects will be the master of the situation.

As battles have been hitherto fought, the usual practice has been for the opposing armies to arrange themselves in battle array at distances varying from 600 to 1,500 yards from one another. At Waterloo the armies were about 1,200 yards apart. At such distances musketry fire was out of the question, as was the fire of grape or any other except round shot from field guns, and even that was so uncertain and inocuous against bodies of men, that no decisive result could be obtained from it. It was necessary, therefore, that one of the armies should cross the intervening space to get at the other. This they could do in any formation that suited them, and the assailants advanced to within 200 or 300 yards of their opponents, without suffering any serious damage. As troops can easily pass 100 yards in a minute, with two or three minutes at the utmost from the time of the army coming under fire, they were upon their opponents, and either forced them to retire, or were beaten back, with a loss that was wonderfully small, considering what it ought theoretically to be under such circumstances.

All this must now be altered. It will be impossible to range troops at less than 2,000 yards, or they would be able to shoot each other down with their rifles, even without reference to artillery; shells with time fuses, at that distance, will certainly be as destructive as grapeshot was in the olden time at 300 yards, and to avoid their effect, the men must lie down on the ground, or hide themselves behind some undulation of the country. But battles are not won by cannonading, and the question still remains how armies are to get at one another; for, even supposing that at 2,000 yards very little damage can be done by rifle practice, still, whenever a column or body of troops advances within 1,000 yards of a division drawn up to receive it, they will be torn to pieces during the ten minutes that must elapse before they can close, and it will scarcely encourage them to know that, if repulsed, they must be for ten minutes more within the range of their enemies' rifles.

One obvious suggestion for getting over a portion at least of the difficulty, would be to advance the men as skirmishers, in such loose formation that artillery would have little or no effect on them, and even rifle practice be very harmless, considering the unsteadiness of aim incident to the heat and excitement of a battle field. This, no doubt, would be a practicable manœuvre if there were no cavalry in the field; but if infantry do advance far from their supports, and in such loose formation that they cannot collect and form squares at very short notice, it will require better and steadier troops than we have seen to prevent themselves being ridden over and cut to pieces. Even abstracting the element of cavalry from the question, it is evident that, as both armies can throw out skirmishers, and in that respect be equal, no decisive result can be expected from such a mode of fighting.

In the Crimea the generals seem to have felt this, though the arms then employed were not what they have since become, and their effects were not appreciated as they now are. At the Alma the allies rushed at the Russians the moment they came within range, without much manœuvring and still less formation; and at Inkermann the Russians, evidently dreading the passage of the gulf in daylight, stole upon the British in the dark, and the fight became a hand to-hand struggle. This difficulty will frequently be felt in the future, if one army cannot steal on the other unawares, to take it at a disadvantage. As far as we can at present judge, the fight probably will be between the two artilleries till the one gains a superiority, and is then enabled to turn its attention to the infantry; and when once it has decimated them and rendered them unsteady, one army will then rush as rapidly as possible at the other, and a hand-to-hand fight decide the day. In whatever manner battles will in future be fought, it seems tolerably evident that close formation and heavy infantry drills are out of date, and that light infantry movements are essential, not only to enable the soldier to use with the greatest possible effect the improved weapons which have been put into his hands, but also to prevent his presenting such a target to the fire of the enemy as battalions in close formation and with slow movements must do.

HOW THE EMPRESS EUGENIE BLOWS HER NOSE.—Mrs. Estelle Lewis has written a letter to the Brooklyn Eagle, giving an elaborate account of the manner in which the Empress Eugenie blows her nose in church. Mrs. Lewis had the happiness of seeing the Emperor and Empress in church in Paris, and it seems that the beautiful creature blows her nose in as loud and promiscuous a manner as Anthony Van Corlear was in the habit of doing. Mrs. Lewis says:

The Emperor, with the Empress on his left, and the Princess Matilde on his right, entered, and took the seats provided for them in front of the altar.

The Emperor wore a general's uniform. The Empress was habited in a green Moire robe, a French cashmere shawl, and a white bonnet trimmed with green ribbons and plumes of the same shade as her dress. Her appearance was *tres comme il faut*, and her movements very graceful.

She seemed to be suffering from a cold, or something else; for she blew her nose several times, loud enough to wake the dead.

She first carefully laid the delicate organ in a large fine white handkerchief—then fairly drew herself up to the business—gave one long, sounding blow, and finished with two or three short, quick ones, in exact imitation of a conch calling the people from the work-fields. More than once the Emperor started from his reverie, as if he thought it the first blast of the war trump. This loud blowing of the nasal conch at tables, in saloons, churches, and in all places where French noses go, is a dirty, disagreeable French habit, very unbecoming to well bred people. I wonder Dickens has not taken it off ere this. During the sermon, the Emperor and Empress sat with their faces opposite my pew, and I had a full view of them. While the Empress was occupied with her nose, the Emperor kept up a brisk gymnastic exercise with his thumbs, making the one leap over the other, sometimes turning somersets, as if to try their strength.

OLD VETERANS.—General Baraguay D'Hilliers is to command one of the French divisions in the war with Sardinia. He served under the first Napoleon in Italy in 1796 and 1797. He was in Egypt under Napoleon. He has been in the French army over sixty years, and is over ninety years of age. Baron Hess, one of the Austrian Generals, is 74 years of age. He was the strategic adviser of Radetsky.

THE Canada brings us news of the death of the venerable Baron Von Humboldt, the great German naturalist and philosopher. The Baron was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769, and was consequently in the 90th year of his age, at his death.

HOW WE GET OUR NEW FRENCH FASHIONS.—The fashionable tailoring firm of Labrousse, No. 9 Rue Montesquieu, in Paris, issue a circular to the public in which they account for the surprising cheapness at which they sell their goods by the following statement, which must be gratifying to the followers of French fashions in this country:

"They offer, at all times, to the purchaser, new articles of a late pattern, for the reason that all those remaining at the end of each year are exported to America."

It would thus appear that the Paris tailors send their old clothes to the United States.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE TROY TIMES of Monday, says that a man named West, who resided in the neighborhood of the Niskayuna Shakers, having been discovered in maintaining an illicit love with another woman than his wife, committed suicide yesterday by stabbing himself with a "jack-knife." He accomplished his "taking-off" in a very skillful manner, and before the physician arrived he was a corpse.

ROYAL PERSONAL FEELING IN THE WAR:

The Feeling in the Tuileries.

[Paris Cor. of Liverpool Journal, April 28.]

The Emperor is said to be as impatient as a school-boy to depart. The Bonaparte family are divided greatly concerning the measure. Old Jerome and the Princess Mathilde are both of them loud in their objections—the former has always experienced a sort of servile jealousy at every attempt made by his nephew to imitate the great Napoleon; and he is never sparing in his chuckling sarcasm whenever an expression drops from the Emperor's lips betraying the one wish at his heart—that of emulating his uncle in any particular measure which may be on the *tapis*. The Princess Mathilde is so decidedly averse to this wild-goose departure, as she calls it, that a day or two ago an open rupture with her imperial relative was the consequence. In the intemperance of tongue to which contradiction will give rise, even with the greatest of her sex, the Princess is said to have exclaimed, "Let him alone; he will never be happy till he has shown himself in his *pantalon garance*." The thrust must have told; for the Emperor, who has forgiven the Princess many a slip of the lip, did not forgive her this one, but grew angry outright. As the Emperor once said himself, none of his own family could bear the thought of his seeking glory at the cannon's mouth but Prince Napoleon. It is certain that this jolly individual has been all along very urgent for the war, and not at all adverse at first to his cousin's rushing to glory; but his sentiments are said to be quite altered since he has been appointed to accompany the expedition. He evidently thought to have remained behind for the better defence of Paris, but the Emperor, *pas si bete*, does not mean to lose sight of his relation, and has his own private reasons for judging that Paris will be all the safer without the presence of Prince Napoleon.

The health of his Majesty has given him so much uneasiness, as connected with the expedition on which he has set his heart, that, having consulted all his doctors, and finding that the last one, even Trial, the professor of gymnastic, had expressed an unfavorable opinion concerning his departure at the present moment, on Friday, on leaving the chapel, he sent suddenly for the black doctor, of whose doings Paris is at the present moment quite full. It is said that the black man objects entirely to his leaving Paris till the 12th of next month, when the remedies he has exhibited will have had their due effect.

Feeling in the Palace of Vienna.

[Paris (April 28) Correspondence of Liverpool Journal.]

The war upon which the young Emperor of Austria is now entering has been neither suddenly nor rashly advised. It seems that from the very first the Emperor's mother, the Archduchess Sophia, has entertained a decided repulsion towards the Imperial family of France, and has even been sometimes *persifles* by her own family for what has been called her old-fashioned prejudice. The Archduchess is a woman of the most powerful intellect, and still holds her rule over her son as firmly as in the days of his minority. Her penetration is proverbial; and she still consults with Metternich upon all subjects connected with the interests of the Austrian crown. Ever since the marriage of Prince Napoleon the suspicions of the lady have been aroused; and at length, by dint of artifice and money, of faith in themselves and the want of it in others, the experienced pair have succeeded in obtaining the full copy of the letters of Prince Napoleon and the Emperor of the French to the King of Sardinia, by which it becomes clear that the war in Italy is but a secondary object—that the ultimate end is the bestowal of Lombardy on King Victor, Rome on Prince Napoleon, Naples on Prince Murat, and the overthrow of Austria, which leaves the road open to Russia; and then hurrah for the long cherished idea of the attack on England!

Every step which has hitherto been taken by Austria has been the result of mature deliberation among the Imperial family, by every member of which the young Emperor is regarded as a precious charge confided to their care. The Imperial family of Austria assembles at its council board sixteen Archdukes, all in the prime of life, of vigor, and intelligence, all moved by the same interests, and all as friendly and united as every family should be. No measure of vital importance is ever undertaken without the advice of all and the adhesion of the majority. This assembly, appealed to on the present occasion, was unanimous in its decision—the Archduchess Sophia even more urgent than the rest. How proud and glorious she must have felt when her son, rising in the midst of his relations, laid his hand upon his sword, and, in answer to the proposition of France, which had been discussed, exclaimed, "Let the Emperor Louis Napoleon be told that I am as yet too young to abdicate. He wants to plume (pick) the Austrian eagle; better to try and cut his throat. One thing let him remember in the coming struggle, that the game is far from equal between us. I risk a province; he stakes his empire on the issue of the war."

A TURKISH ROMANCE.—Some ten months ago the well known Ismail Pasha, of Kalafat, commissioner the other day to Jiddah, and now commander-in-chief of the army of the Danube, fell in love with the sister of a German officer, who holds the rank of *talimji*, or instructor, in the Turkish army. Ismail was rich and ardent, but the Teutonic beauty was deaf to everything but marriage, and marriage on her own terms, which were, that in case of the now devoted but possibly changeable lover's divorcing her, she should be guaranteed an indemnity of 300,000p., (about £2,000,) and that the children, if any, should, if boys, be brought up as Mussulmans, but if girls as good Catholics. Hercules, of Kalafat, more eager than orthodox, closed the bargain on these conditions, and the Austrian Dejanira became first lady of his harem. The other day a child was born, and being a daughter, it was, to the great scandal of all good believers, but to the credit of Ismail's honorable regard for his engagement, baptised by a Catholic priest. Comparatively trifling as this incident now is, it has no unimportant significance. It is a veritable "sign of the times," which may, it is true, be read either as a proof of the growing liberality or the growing infidelity of the Turkish mind in matters of religion.

CANINE SAGACITY.—The truth of the following instance of the sagacity of a dog we can substantiate in every particular, and is, we think, well worthy of notice. A little daughter of one of our prominent citizens has a well-arranged baby-house, upon which she bestows much care, tastefully dressing the various doll occupants thereof in the morning and divesting them of their clothing at night. This practice she has followed for some months. The pet dog of the family usually sat by her at night and superintended the work of preparing the dolls for bed. One evening last week the girl was away to tea, and did not return in season to perform the parental duties to the babies. The dog awaited her arrival until the dolls' hour of retiring had passed, and knowing that they *ought to be taken care of*, carefully went to work and undressed them, five in number, without injuring the dresses in the least. How he did it we know not, but such is the fact.—*Nantucket (Mass.) Inquirer.*

THE National Bank of Austria has suspended specie payments, being authorized to do so by the Government, in order that it may advance two-thirds of a new loan of 200,000,000 florins in its notes.

IT is said that martial law will be enforced in Paris during the absence of the Emperor.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The excitement which characterized the course of the Flour market at the close of our last weekly report has been its prominent feature since. There was early in the week an active inquiry, partly on speculation under the warlike advices from Europe, and prices advanced 25@50c ₱ bbl, but at the close there were marked evidences of a reaction and a material decline in prices. The sales foot up 7000 bbls at $7,50@8 for superfine; $8,12½@8,50 for extra, and $8,12½ for low grade up to $8,75 for extra family, including some fancy lots at $9@9,50. At the close the market was very dull, and superfine was offered at $7,50@7,62½, without finding buyers. There is a steady home consumptive demand within the range of the above quotations. Rye Flour is held at the advance noted last week. Sales of 400 bbls at $5. Corn Meal is very quiet. Sales of 500 bbls Penna at $4@4,12½ ₱ bbl, and 250 bbls Brandywine at $4,62½. Buckwheat *Meal* is selling in lots at $1,75.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have considerably increased. Early in the week there was an active inquiry for milling, and prices advanced 10@15c ₱ bus, but at the close the market was dull, and prices fell off. Sales of 3200 bus in lots at $1,75@1,95 for inferior and prime Southern, Penna, and Western red, and $1,85@2,10 for white, closing dull at $1,95@1,90 for red, and $1,95@2 for white, including 5000 bus French red Wheat, from a cargo which has arrived since our last notice, at $2 ₱ bus. Rye advanced 3c early in the week, but at the close the demand fell off, and this advance was lost. Sales of Penna at $1 @1,08—closing at $1. Corn was active early in the week, and advanced to $1 for prime yellow, but at the close the market was quiet at 97c. The week's sales foot up 30,000 bus, including some mixed red and yellow at 95c, and inferior at 85@95c. Oats have also advanced 1c. Sales of 12,000 bush Southern and Penna at 57@60c, closing at 57c.

PROVISIONS—There has been a good feeling in the market generally, with a further advance in prices of Pork, Bacon, Green Meats, and Lard. Sales of Mess Pork, in lots, at $18,50@19, now held at $19@19,50. City Packed Mess Beef sells in a small way for ship stores. A sale of India Beef at $32, and a lot of Beef Rounds at $18,50. Bacon—There is more inquiry, and prices are ½c higher. The receipts and stocks continue very small. Sales of 500 casks Hams, in lots, at 10@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; Sides at 10½@10¾, and Shoulders at 8½@8¾—now held at 8¼@9c ₱ lb, 60 days. The stock of Green Meats is very small, and there has been an active inquiry at an advance of ½@¾c. Sales of 600 casks; Hams, in pickle, at 10@10½c, and in salt at 9@9½c; Sides at 10c, and Shoulders at 7½@7½c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days—now held at 8c. Lard is in good request, and prices firm, at an advance of ½c, but the limited stock on hand restricts operations. Sales of 1000 tierces and bbls at 12@12½c, on time, now held at 13c, and kegs at 13½c ₱ lb—now held ½@¾c higher. Butter is very dull, and for Roll prices are lower. 30,000 barrels solid packed sold at 9@9½c.

COTTON—The market for the past week has been at a complete stand, buyers holding off, and demanding a greater concession in prices than holders are willing to submit to. We again reduce our quotations ½c. Sales of 620 bales Upland at 10½@12½c ₱ lb, cash and 4 mos, for low grade and middling fair quality.

BARK comes forward slowly, but the stock on hand is liberal, and the article has been dull at a decline of $1 from the closing quotations of last week. Sales of 60 hhds No 2 Quercitron at $31 ₱ ton. Chestnut Oak commands $11@12, and Spanish 15@15,50 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is unchanged, and good yellow commands 38c ₱ lb cash.

COAL—Cargo sales of Schuylkill Red and White Ash at 3,15@3,25 ₱ ton, on board at Richmond. Bituminous Coal is very dull at 14½c ₱ bus.

COFFEE—There has been rather more demand, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 3000 bags Rio at 10¾@11¼c, and 200 bags Laguayra at 12c ₱ lb, on time; by auction on Tuesday, 1164 bags Rio were offered and sold at 10¾@11¼c ₱ lb, and 350 bags do damaged at 10¾@11¼c, on time; 1800 bags St. Domingo 10½c, and 1200 bags Laguayra at 12c, on time.

FEATHERS—Feathers are dull, and good Western are selling in a small way at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; do, Rocky Mt, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin 15@20c; Nutria, 30@45; Raccoon, 25@60c.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is dull. Sales of Dried Apples at 8@9c. Peaches are very dull, and range from 7 to 10c for unpared halves, and 14@16c for pared.

HEMP—There is no foreign or domestic here, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES are unchanged. A small receipt of Jamaica sold on private terms, and some Calcutta Goat Skins at 40c, on time.

HOPS are very quiet. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 14@17c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is very much depressed under the foreign news, and prices rather favor buyers. The only sales reported are in a small way at $24, $23 and $22 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value. Sales of 100 tons Charcoal Blooms at $55, 6 mos. For Bar and Boiler Iron there is a steady demand at previous rates.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for the better grades of Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are firm.

LEAD remains without change. 1000 Pigs Virginia sold at $5,82½ ₱ 100 lbs, on time, interest added; and 500 Pigs Galena on terms not made public.

LUMBER—The receipts continue liberal, the demand active, and prices well maintained. Sales of Hemlock Boards at $11@12; Raft do at $8@9, and a cargo of Maryland Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $17 ₱ 1000 feet. 500,000 feet Susquehanna Boards sold at $15@18. Laths range from $1,25 @1,62½.

MOLASSES—There has been an active inquiry, and prices have advanced 2@3c ₱ gal. Sales of 500 hhds Clayed Cuba at 27@31c; a lot of Porto Rico at 40c; a cargo of Trinidad on private terms; and 400 bbls N Orleans, part for another market, at 42@45c, on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed have been small, and prime lots are worth $5,25 ₱ 64 lbs; 200 bus fair quality sold at $5. No sales of Timothy. Flaxseed is firmer; Calcutta is now held at $1,82½.

SUGAR—There has been more inquiry during the past week, and rather more firmness in prices. Sales of 2300 hhds Cuba within the range of 5½@6¼c; 155 hhds St Jago at 6¼@6c; 860 bags Laguayra at 6¼c; 70 hhds New Orleans at 7¼c, and 200 hhds Porto Rico at 6¼@7¼c ₱ lb, on time.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in steady demand at previous rates. N E Rum has advanced to 38@40c. Whiskey continues firm at the late advance, and meets a good inquiry; sales 600 bbls Penna at 31c; Ohio do at 32c; hhds at 30c; and Drudge at 29@30c.

TALLOW is scarce; City Rendered is now held at 11¼@11½c. There is little or no Country offering.

TOBACCO—Prices of both Leaf and Manufactured are unchanged, but the market has been very quiet this week.

WOOL continues quiet, the manufacturers holding back in anticipation of lower quotations upon the arrival of the new clip.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 900 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—29 head I Abrahams, Cumberland co, 11¼@12¼; 71 McQuaid, Mooney & Co, Ohio, 11¼@12; 15 Shelby & Goldin, Berks co, 10@11; 19 J Kahn, Bucks co, 9@12; 7 Shombach, Westmoreland co, 10¼@11½; 13 J Trieber, Lancaster co, 10@11; 12 B Vantier, Mifflin co, 10@10½; 12 B Baldwin, Ohio, 10@11; 3 McClure, Huntingdon co, extra fine, 12½. Sheep —2500 arrived during the week, and sold freely at 5 to 6¼c ₱ lb gross for clipped, and 7 to 7½ for unclipped.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—26 head J Todd, Chester co, 11@12; 12 Houston & McFillen, Lancaster co, 11¼@12; 13 Cochrane & McCall, Del, 11 @12; 35 Cochrane & McCall, Va, 10¼@12; 13 F McFillen, Chester co, 11¼@12.

CONCISE.—A correspondent writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, abbreviates the name of that town thus, "11 worth."

EXERCISE.

The ancient Grecians were noted for their agility, strength, and great powers of endurance. The English women of the present time are celebrated for their robust and healthy appearance, the result, in both instances, of vigorous and healthy exercise. The Americans, unfortunately, have but little taste for this method of retaining their health or building up a broken constitution; hence the great prevalence of weak, sickly, and delicate men and women. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will, in a great measure, palliate this want of exercise, by giving great strength to the digestive organs, hence producing a good appetite and a vigorous feeling of body. A moderate degree of exercise, however, used in connection with the Bitters, is much better; the most desperate case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, yielding quickly to their beneficial influence. All druggists and dealers in medicines have these Bitters for sale at 75 cents per bottle.

A LARGE VOLUME would not contain the mass of testimony which has accumulated in favor of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, as a safe, efficient, and reliable remedy in curing coughs, colds, and pulmonary diseases. Many of the cures are truly wonderful.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103½	104¼
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100	101
" " new	103	104½
" 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 5 coupon	—	65
Allg'ny City 6 pr ct	75	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	90	92
Tenn 6 pr ct	—	92
" 5 " coupon	75	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96¾
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca., State 7 pr ct new bonds	91¼	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	115
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	—
Philadelphia	114	115
Far & Mec	—	96½
Commerce	52	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	27½	27¾
Southwark	69	—
P Township	55½	—
Kensington	86½	—
Girard	—	49½
Western	—	90
Man & Mech	98	99½
Commerce	97	—
Tradesman's	52½	—
City	47	47½
Consolidation	28½	29
Commonwealth	22	23½
Corn Exchange	—	23
Germantown	58½	60
Pittsburg, Pitsb'g	89	—
Exchange	—	56½
Kentucky	Ky.	120	—
Northern	"	130	132
Louisville	"	115	116
Farmers'	"	126	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	107	108
Planters'	"	102	—
N O Gas Light	143	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	20	—
Lehigh Zinc	11	11½
New Creek	1	—
New Grenada	4	—
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	51
Southwark & Frankford R R	—	65
Bonds	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R	100	100½
1st mort bonds	90	90½
2nd " "		
stock		
Interest off	40½	41
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	97
stock	119½	121½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	—	84
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '88	70	76
stock	23½	23½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	90
stock	42	42½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	—	36
6 pr ct loan '60	97	—
Cata Val R R '73	—	44
Titus R R	75	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	72
2d "	—	51
stock	—	8½
Catawissa	14	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	58½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	64	64½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	51	51½
6 pr ct loan	99	—
Minehill R R	—	59
Har and Lan R R stock	55	56½
bonds '63	—	97
L. Schuylkil R R stock	19	19½
Long Island R R stock	11½	11
bonds	—	93
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centrs. "	70½	—
Michigan Centrs.	67½	68½
Illinois	95	—
Michigan Southern	9	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	—	72½
imp. 6 pr ct	—	81
stock	—	9½
preferred	18	18
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	52
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	22	23
Morris Conso'd	—	55
preferred	107	107½
Ches & Del.	41	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	24	—
bonds	39½	39
Sus & Tidewater	4	5
bonds 1878	36½	40

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 21.—BREADSTUFFS—There was a reaction in the Flour market this morning and prices improved 15@25c; sales of 12,500 bbls at $5,75@6,75 for State, $7,25@7,55 for Ohio, and $7,75@8 for Southern. Wheat is less buoyant, with a nominal advance of 1@2c; sales of 5000 bus at $1,77 for Western white. Corn is quiet; mixed is nominal at 90@92c; yellow 95@96c. Pork firm at $17,25@17,31 for *Mess*, and $15,52 for Prime. Lard heavy at 11@11¼c. Whiskey heavy at 29 @30c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Crowell, Mr. JOSEPH S. STEVENS, to Miss MAGGIE P. daughter of Philip Stimmel, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. HENRY HUCKEL, to Miss JANE MCDERMITT, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Smith, Mr. GEORGE W. CANNON, of Germantown, to Miss MARY J. H. THOROUGHGOOD, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN BARKER, to Miss MARGARET A. SIMONS.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, JOHN BELL, of Bordentown, N. J. to MARGARET KENNEDY, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. HOWARD ELLIS, to Miss MARY FREED, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. ANTONIO A. BOUDET, of San Jago, Isle of Cuba, to Miss ELLEN L. SHEPHERD, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. Metcalf, M. D., Mr. GEORGE C. DUNN, to Miss ELIZABETH MARTIN, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. JAMES H. RICHARDETT, to Miss HARRIET G. OLDHAM, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, CATHARINE STAYMAN, aged 21 years.

On the 17th instant, JEREMIAH DRISCOLL, aged 30 years.

On the 15th instant, MARY CECILIA, wife of John T. Boyd.

On the 16th instant, PHEBE, wife of Wm. Solly, aged 40 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARGARET GILDER, aged 73 years.

On the 15th instant, ANN D. wife of Mardon Wilson, aged 67 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. WILLIAM BECHTEL, aged 40 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. THOMAS BURKE, aged 61 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. SOPHIA L. WESLEY, aged 40 years.

On the 14th instant, MARTIN GORDEN, aged 32.

On the 13th instant, Miss HESTER J. CORNISH, aged 60 years.

On the 14th instant, Miss JANE HENDISON, aged 26 years.

On the 15th instant, SUSANNAH, wife of Wm. Andrews, aged 44 years.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 21, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes 4 10 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA.
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank ¼ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 2½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank,
NORTH CAROLINA.	Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	CANADA
	Solv bks 1 dis

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Wit and Humor.

Curiosity Gratified and Satisfied.—Some Newporters, it would seem, are renowned for their curiosity. Their peculiarity is pointedly hit by the following, which, says the Newport Daily News, is aimed at somebody:—

Duncan Pell, Esq., has just commenced the erection of a new fence in front of his mansion, on Mary street, in this city. On one of the posts is the following in manuscript:

"The proposed fence is to be sixty feet long, 3½ feet rails and coping; to be finished this week. Mr. Eaton is the carpenter, and Mr. Fludder the mason. The work is to be done by the day. Duncan Pell.

"Terms cash.

"Messrs. Finch & Enga furnish the lumber.

"I hope this will be satisfactory to the public.

"April 25, 1859."

Conclusion to the above thrilling legend:

"It was on the first night of the to-be-dry month of May, 1859, the month of flowers and balmy zephyrs, passional attraction, green peas and other affinities, that Duncan Pell lay buried in the arms of slumber. A loud and terrible rapping aroused him. It was continued. Rap, rap, rap. Starting from sleep, Duncan looked forth into the moonlight. A dark form was pounding away at the door. As Pell looked from the window, the form cried aloud:

"'Say, you, Mister Pell, be you agoin' to have this 'ere fence white or yaller washed?'"

It Will Look a "Derned Sight Better!"—The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser tells the following:—

One of our citizens, the other day, was presented with a highly-finished and costly pocket knife, containing a very large blade of fine Sheffield steel, a small blade, corkscrew, tweezers and other "fixins," which make it a very serviceable implement for one to have about him. The donee remarked to the donor, however, scrutinizing the large blade attentively, that he was rather opposed to "toting" such a knife, for the reason that, when opened, the large blade presented a ferocious aspect, and that, being a remarkably peaceable man, he had no use for a blade of such huge proportions. Turning round and smiling at the evident *innocence* of the donee, the donor remarked:—

"Well, ——, there is no telling what will happen. You *may* be placed in a situation where you will be obliged to defend yourself with desperation. In that case, this instrument will serve you as well as a real Bowie knife; and more than that, *before a jury it will look a 'derned sight better!'*"

Pulpit Notices.—Nothing in the way of a practical joke has amused us so much, for a long time, as a *dog notice* that was given at the Orthodox church in Lancaster last Sunday. It may well serve as a burlesque on advertising all sorts of things from the pulpit. A notice was sent to the sexton—doubtless with the intention of having it posted on the meeting-house—which, by some mistake, he was led to pass over to the minister. The officiating clergyman was a stranger, and when he came to read his notices he hesitated somewhat, but, after a preface to the effect that, being a stranger, he did not feel at liberty to decline reading what was given him, led off as follows:—

"All owners of dogs are hereby notified that if the same are not registered by the 1st of May, they will be killed, according to law."

The effect on the congregation can be imagined.—*Clinton Courant.*

Interesting to Drinkers.—The Taunton Republican gives the following refreshing story, which we commend to the attention of those in the habit of "tipping the mug." A few days since, says that paper, a man went into one of the beer shops in town, and called for a half-pint of ale. The ale was brought to him in a common pint measure; he drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the storekeeper if anything was the matter with his beer. The answer was, that it was first-rate beer, just bought in Boston. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder of the beer. When he got through, seeing something in the bottom of the measure, he asked what it was, "I declare," said the shopkeeper, "I forgot to take out the soap the last time I shaved!"

Calliope Anecdote.—Some time in the spring of 1857, the steamer St. Nicholas "opened" at New Orleans with a calliope, the first one ever heard in those parts, causing the greatest consternation among the servants, most of whom supposed they must now give an account of their sins, sure enough. But one of them, a girl, stood and listened for some time, and at last walked into the house, and expressed her opinion thus:—

"Missus, I don't b'lieve dat ar's Gabriel, 'cause I a'nt feared a bit; *but if it's him, he's playin' 'Wait for the Wagin,' sure as you're born!*"

How to Gain Unanimity in Juries.—Let the jury consist entirely of ladies! As it is proverbial that women never do disagree, there would not be the slightest difficulty in securing always an unanimous verdict. The whole twelve would vote as one woman—more especially if one of their own sex was being tried. Besides, the mere prospective horror of a dozen women being all locked up together, without a cup of tea, or a stocking to mend, or a baby to play with, or a novel to thumb, would force them to agree long before they had looked at the prisoner even, to see whether he was good-looking or not.—*Punch.*

☞ Lawyers have grown so very genteel, they have altered their very name and very nature. Once upon a time they used to be called attorneys—now, forsooth, they are solicitors; formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but bannisters will do; and nice bannisters they are for a feller to lean upon that's going down stairs to the dance.—*Sam Slick.*

☞ An Invasive Joke.—Did any one ever see the umbrella again which he had lent for just "five minutes?"

An Awkward Dilemma.—An awkward affair which once occurred to one of the judges on the Western Circuit has been the subject of much mirth. It appears that the pious judicial, having finished his labors, and having cast off his forensic wig at his lodgings, had retired into the next room to wait for his brother judge, whom he was about to accompany to some of the local aristocracy to dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bed-chamber by a side door, and not knowing the judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in the judge's wig. Just at the moment when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking-glass, the judge unexpectedly entered the room, and poor Mopsy, catching a sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass, was so alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen to the ground, if the learned judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother judge arrived, and opened the dressing-room door, with a view to seeing if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. Not wishing to interrupt what he thought to be an amour, he quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother judge vociferated, "For Heaven's sake stop and hear this matter explained." "Never mind, my dear brother, the matter explains itself," and he left his learned brother to recover the fainting maid as he could. —*Grimmer's "Anecdotes of the Bar."*

Quiet ex. Fuss.—It amusing to notice how, in some parts of the world, noise and pretension pass for power and merit. In reading the life of Watt, the inventor, recently published, we find in his correspondence a paragraph which both illustrates this popular infirmity of judgment, and exhibits the pleasant humor of the greatm achinest. Writing to his partner, respecting one of the first steam engines put in operation in Cornwall, Watt says: "The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, whether believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently and make less noise; but Mr. —— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engine man. And, by the by, the noise serves to convey great ideas of power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man."

A Conscientious Widow.—A poor peasant on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him, and told her of its provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents; sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave to you my dog; take care of him, he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighboring market, with the horse and the dog. "How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable rate. Give me ten pounds for the dog, and five shillings for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low, he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave to her husband's parents the five shillings received for the horse, and kept the ten pounds for herself.

The Omnibus Conductor in Australia.—Fowler, in his work on Australia, says:

"I was riding alone in a 'bus, and was much annoyed at the conductor, who was constantly opening and slamming the door. 'What are you about, my boy?' I at length said. 'Why can't you leave the door alone?'—Oh! you're a new-chum,' was the contemptuous answer. 'Well; but what has that to do with the matter? You are not paid to annoy new-chums, are you?'—'Of course not; but don't you see every time I bang the door the horses think some one has got out, and—*my oath!*—that's the only way I can make 'em put on the steam. You see,' he quietly added, summing me up as a Londoner with a look, 'these here hosses is Cockneys, and must be dealt with *as sich.*'"

A Luxurious Couch.—Beggars swarm in China, and their king lives at Pekin. They die by the roadside, and are forgotten. At Pekin there is a large house, called "The House of the Hen's Feathers;" here the floor of an immense hall is strewn three feet deep with feathers; and into this wallowing sea of down, at a certain hour, all houseless vagabonds who apply for shelter are turned. At a beat of the tam-tam an immense tarpauling counterpane comes down unfurling from the ceiling, and spreads over them all, like the wings of a fabulous roc hatching a nestful of eggs. The next morning, at a similar beat, it is again drawn up, and the vagabonds disperse to show their sores and collect their alms.—*The Kingdom of Flowers.*

Ministerial Experiences.—A home missionary writes to the Congregationalist some of his experience of preaching in the West. He says:

"Imagine, for instance, a huge *rat* coming out from a hole in the desk floor, and running up to my feet, so that I have to kick at him and frighten him away. Think of this same rat taking a circuit of the front of the desk floor, and being caught sight of by a little dog, who starts for him, just loses his game in the hole, and sets up a bark, right in the midst of the sermon, and just too far away to be reached by my foot! Imagine a woman jumping up, just as you are becoming interested in your topic, and shouting *Amen! Amen!* in the most obstreperous manner possible!"

☞ The Yankees take advantage of the cannibal propensities in the rats. A clever Yankee being much troubled with rats, and being determined to get rid of them, tried every possible plan, but without success. At last he got a lot of rats and shut them in a cage; they devoured one another till only a single one was left. He then turned this one loose, who, excited with the blood of his fellow-rats, and having become a genuine cannibal, killed and ate all the wild rats he could find on the premises.—*Buckland.*

☞ No man is so high as to be independent of the success of agriculture; no man so low as not to be affected by its prosperity or decline. —*Daniel Webster.*

OH, WHAT A HUMBUG!

Diana.—Mamma, dear, here's a note from dear Charles, telling me, no doubt, to be ready to take a ride with him this afternoon. (Reads):—"*My darling wifey. You need not stay at home for me this afternoon. I met Angelina Sweetlips in the street this morning, and as she hinted something about that ride I once promised to take her, you know I could not well refuse. Your ever affectionate Charles.*"

Agricultural.

SPARE THE OWLS AND SAVE YOUR WHEAT!

The following letter, in favor of the Barn Owl, recently appeared in the *London Times*:—

"Sir:—In your impression of the 9th inst., I saw a sensible letter headed 'An Owl's Larder,' from Mr. Ellis, of Leicestershire, who, I make no doubt is a benign gentleman, from his advocating the cause of a valuable and much persecuted bird, viz.: the white, or barn owl. Many sportsmen, give an indiscriminate order to their keepers to destroy all vermin but the fox, and among them (in many cases in the ignorance of both) the poor owl is ranked. The consequence is, in some districts, they are nearly extinct, and where this is the case the stacks and barns swarm with mice. Last summer I witnessed the getting in of a small stack of wheat in Shropshire, which the owner supposed would yield enough for his family, of wife and three servants, for eight or nine months. All that he got from it fit to send to the mill was four and a half bushels. Four hundred mice were killed, and as many more, we suppose, escaped. These animals, as well as young rats, require vegetation and water. At dusk they come out, and out at the same time comes the owl. No doubt they were created by an all-wise Providence to keep these vermin under, as the rook is for the destruction of the wire-worm, and the toad for slugs. If it were not so we should be eaten up. They know by instinct how to go about their calling better than we do. If the rook and owl do pilfer a little at times when pinched by hunger, the laborer must have his hire; and with all our sagacity we cannot master them like they can. The cat kills more game in a season than the owl in his lifetime, and the farmer, with salt and chemicals, which cost him a good deal of money, cannot keep the wire-worm out of his land.

"In former days, in the country, they had the 'owlet' hole in their barns, as regularly as the pitching hole, for his ingress and egress, many of which I find are stopped up. During five summers in the vicinity I have mentioned, I have only seen one owl skimming the meadows at nightfall. This year an unfortunate one flew over the cricket-ground at dusk one evening, when the first thing that occurred to a young sportsman was to fetch his gun and shoot him. This is being worse than people we call barbarians, for in India they religiously, and by law, protect two useful birds—the Brahmin kite and the adjutant. In Barbary the stork is safe, where they say, 'On the houses they choose for their nest no evil cometh.'

"I remain, your most obedient servant,

"Orbilius."

SENDING GRAFTS BY MAIL.

The mode of sending grafts by mail, so that, if some weeks on the way, they may arrive perfectly fresh, is becoming well understood by many. It consists in simply enclosing them in oil-silk, wrapping fine thread around so as to bring all parts into contact and making a water-tight case. One of the worst things to wrap about grafts is dry, unsized paper, which absorbs the moisture rapidly from the fresh wood. These remarks are suggested by having just received from a correspondent some grafts of the *Eden Plum*, put up simply in paper, and they had become dry enough for kindling wood. The ends had been waxed, but as shoots absorb and discharge moisture rapidly through the bark along their entire length, the waxing was of no use.

A friend once sent us in autumn, from a long distance, some apple grafts; and as they would probably be several weeks on the road, he purposely left the leaves on as a moist casing to prevent their becoming dry. As leaves are constantly pumping out and throwing off the moisture from the shoot, the result may be easily guessed—the grafts were as dry as dead twigs when they reached us. Unwilling to lose them, however, we immediately wrapped them in moss and buried them in soil, where they remained till spring. When examined, they had become swollen, plump and fresh, and being set, all grew. We have served the above mentioned plum grafts in the same way, and there is a bare possibility they may be recovered.

In another instance we had given particular directions to a friend for putting up a few scions of a rare sort, but he thought to improve upon them by first wrapping them in cotton-batting, and then applying the oil-cloth casing. The consequence was, the cotton-batting, acting as a dry sponge, absorbed nearly all the moisture from them, and they were dry and shriveled when received. The result was the same as if they had been placed in the folds of unsized paper.

It may be rather late now for these remarks to be in season, but the same rules apply to the transmission of buds at midsummer, and some of our readers may bear them in mind till that period.—*Country Gentleman.*

Pigs more Profitable for Fattening than Hogs.—Having tried an experiment with both kinds the past season, I am disposed to give you the result, hoping that others may also try a like experiment—upon a more even scale as to season of year—and report through your paper. In this way farmers may, through the medium of an agricultural paper, increase their annual income more than ten times the cost of such a paper.

In Sept., 1857, I bought two pigs at $2 each, and kept them until Dec. 14th, 1858, which was the time they were butchered. They had been fed about 60 bushels shelled corn—about half of it ground and scalded, the other half having previously been fed in the ear. The feed, other than corn, is in both experiments offset against the manure made by them. They weighed respectively when butchered, 332 and 344 lbs.

On the 26th of August, 1858, I bought two other pigs, bred by the same sow, and at the same price. They were fed mostly upon sweet apples, with a few raw potatoes and a few nubbins of corn, until Dec. 15; I then commenced feeding them with corn boiled, until soft, and fed cold. This kind of feed was continued about two weeks, when their feed was changed to scalded meal, which feed was continued until Feb. 8th, when they were butchered. Their respective weights, 237 and 244 lbs. They had been fed about 25 bushels of shelled corn, in form as above described. The old hogs were about seventeen months, and the pigs three days less than seven months old, when killed. Valuing the corn at 80 cents per bushel, and the pork at 8 cents per lb., the account stands as follows:—

Old Hogs.	Dr.	Cr.	Pigs.	Dr.	Cr.
To cost of pigs,	$4.00		To cost of pigs,	$4.00	
To 60 bushels corn,	48.00		To 25 bu. corn,	20.00	
By 676 lbs pork,		$54.08	By 483 lbs pork,		$38.64
	$52.00	$54.08		$24.00	$38.64

It will be seen that the pigs yield a profit of $14.64, while that of the old hogs is only $2.08, to say nothing of the extra *time* and trouble in taking care of the old ones.—*Correspondent Country Gentlemen.*

The Apple Bark Louse.—From several friends, mostly at the West, we have received pieces of apple bark, completely covered with the *Apple Bark Louse*, with inquiries for a remedy. The scales are relics of the bodies of female insects, covering and protecting their eggs. The eggs are so minute that these small scales sometimes cover more than a hundred. The time of hatching is from the middle of May until the first of June. We will give two of the best remedies known. 1st. Prune early in the spring. Mix tar and linseed oil together, and apply warm with a paint-brush to every limb. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing away the scales and eggs with it. Trees thus treated will show the benefit received by a vigorous growth. 2nd. Boil leaf tobacco in a strong lye until it is reduced to an impalpable pulp; mix this with soft soap (which has been made cold, and not the jelly-like boiled soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint. Prune the trees and apply this preparation with a brush, to every limb and twig. This will take time, but the remedy is effectual. A gentleman in the western part of this State, wrote us last season that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest, by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

How to Preserve Dried Fruit.—The Lexington (S. C.) Flag says: One day last week, while purchasing a lot of dried fruit, we discovered small pieces of sassafras bark mixed among it, and upon inquiry, were informed that it was a preventive against the worm. It is said that dried fruit put away with a little bark, (say a large handful to the bushel,) will save for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects, which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a single season. The remedy is cheap and simple, but we venture to say a good one.

Asparagus a Remedy for Hydrophobia.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal sends that paper the following receipt as a remedy for hydrophobia:

"Eat the green shoots of asparagus raw, sleep and perspiration will be induced, and the disease can thus be cured in any stage of canine madness."

A man in Athens, Greece, was cured by this remedy after the paroxysms had commenced.

Cure for Lockjaw.—"We have noticed lately," says the Lancaster Gazette, "accounts of a number of deaths by this disease, which induces us to republish a positive preventive and remedy for this disease. *It is the simple application of beef's gall to the wound.* Besides its antispasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications may fail."

To Make Mortar Impervious to Wet.—Provide a square wood trough, say 8 feet by 4 feet by 1 foot 4 inches; put a quantity of fresh lump lime in; add water quickly. When the lime is well boiled, having assisted that operation by frequent stirring, add tar (the heat of the boiling lime melts the tar), stir it well, taking care that every part of the lime is intimately mixed with the tar; then add sharp sand or crushed clinker, and stir well as before, after which, in about twenty hours, it will be fit for use.

Tar and Lime may also be used, in order to make either wood or mason-work waterproof. The best way to prepare gas or coal-tar for coating woodwork with, is to get some of the best stone lime, avoiding chalk lime, and slake it to a fine powder; boil the tar for about half an hour, and then add about one pint of the hot lime powder to a gallon of tar, and boil it about half an hour longer, stirring it all the while. It will then be ready for use. Lay it on with a brush while it is hot, and you will find it to set hard, and have a brilliant appearance. It is the best coating for woodwork, except lead.—*Builder.*

To Assist the Sight.—Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

Brine a Cure for Warts.—Having seen a recommendation of a method of curing warts on horses, which seems to me to be very cruel, I am induced to write my experience in curing them, believing that warts have one origin, and are the same, and the same remedy will cure, on whatever animal they may be found. It is some years since I saw a young man in Salem, Mass., the back of whose hands were literally covered with warts, many of them large and seedy, and very troublesome. I told him to go and wash his hands in the tide water in the flume, (he worked in a tide mill,) three times a day for one week, and to use plenty of soap, and in a few weeks his warts would be among the missing. He took my advice, and the warts left in about two months.

Cows often have warts on their udders. I have seen many, and some very bad, which I have cured by simply washing them after milking, for one or two weeks, with brine, which is my only remedy, and has never failed of a cure. —*Correspondence of Country Gent.*

The Philosophy of Eating.—A writer says: In 1844, a French soldier was forced to quit the service, because he could not overcome his violent repugnant disgust towards animal food. Dr. Prout, whose testimony will be more convincing to English readers, knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison:—"He could not eat mutton in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was repeatedly disguised and given to him unknown, but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa. And from the severity of the effects, which were, in fact, those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, it would soon have destroyed the life of the individual." Dr. Pereira, who quotes this passage, adds: "I know a gentleman who has repeatedly had an attack of indigestion after the use of roast mutton." Some persons, it is known, cannot take coffee without vomiting; others are thrown into a general inflammation if they eat cherries or gooseberries. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions in him. Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Many persons are unable to eat eggs; and cakes or puddings, having eggs in their composition, produce serious disturbances in such persons, if they are induced to eat them under false assurances.

Ha has out-scared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.
—*Shelley.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 7, 9, 10, 11, was the goddess of husbandry, and feeding cattle.

My 2, 15, 10, 12, was an Italian nymph, mother of Adventinus.

My 3, 1, 11, was the daughter of Coelus and Vesta, and the sister of Saturn. She was called Cybele, Rhea, and Mater Deum.

My 4, 8, 16, 13, 14, 3, was a philosopher so beloved by M. Antonius, that he erected him a golden statue.

My 5, 7, 6, 9, 15, 12, 11, was a Greek soothsayer, who went with the Grecians to the Trojan war.

My 6, 16, 5, 14, 3, 2, was the son of King Priam, and the most radiant of all the Trojans, who at last was slain by Achilles, who ungenerously dragged his body round the walls of Troy, till his father redeemed it with a great sum, and buried it honorably.

My 7, 2, 5, 12, 11, was the son of Jupiter, and the nymph Callisto, turned into a she-bear by Juno.

My 8, 6, 10, 7, was the mother of Romulus and Remus.

My 9, 10, 2, 13, 12, is a lake near Argos in Peloponnesus, where Hercules slew the hydra, whose heads grew again as fast as they were cut off.

My 10, 3, 11, was the goddess of the morning.

My 11, 3, 9, 16, 13, was one of the wise men of Greece.

My 12, 11, 5, 2, 7, is a village of Greece, not far from Mount Helicon, the birth-place of Hesiod, the Greek poet.

My 13, 10, 1, 3, 11, was a famous biographer in the time of Augustus.

My 14, 10, 17, 15, 11, is an island in the Ægean sea.

My 15, 10, 5, 7, 14, 10, was a goddess, the same below as Juno in heaven, and Diana on earth, whence she is called Triceps and Tergemina.

My 16, 14, 6, 3, was a Roman Emperor, who succeeded Galba. He was a very effeminate man.

My 17, 3, 9, 7, is a city of Campania, where bells were first founded.

And my whole is the name of one of the most illustrious classical scholars of America.

Floydsburg, Ky. THOS. J. CROW.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first we all should know when young,
And learn to lisp with infant tongue,
Though some, 'tis said, it may be so,
Do live and die and never know.
My second's in perdition sure,
Is always first with each pursuer;
My whole—but here doth language fail,
Although I'm of a substance frail;
Oh, could I tell one half the uses,
Could I portray one half the abuses,
Where so much space is worse than spoiled,
In which my virgin face is soiled.
Of colors I am every hue,
From ebony to Prussian blue;
But white *is* most in common use,
And suffers most the vile abuse;
The merchant, grocer, man of law,
And politician largely draw;
The farmer has much less, but he
Holds what he has by holding me;
By nature I am worth but little,
And as I said am frail and brittle;
But touched by art I'm often sold
For ten times ten my weight in *gold*.

Waupun, Wis. FLORIDA.

RIDDLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ere Adam ate the forbidden fruit
Or stood upon fair Eden's ground,
I in that garden (as you'll not dispute)
Was in my garb of beauty found.

I'm seen within the busy town,
Where dwell the rich, the poor, and gay;
Upon the prairies wide I'm found,
And by the traveller's lonely way.

If you should climb the mountain steep,
Or dwell in any foreign land,
Or roam beyond the rolling deep,
Perchance you'd see me near at hand.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANAGRAMS

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Warn bell.	Noose papa.
Lone times.	O learn bill.
Am I. Willson.	Glem rub neck.
Cast L. E. new.	Tar fear oil.
Man fessie.	Gain Susan T. E.

Waukegan, Ills. D. F. HAWKS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Suppose a fly to sit on the circumference of a wagon wheel where it touches the ground. How far must the wagon be made to move on a level plane so that the fly shall move one mile through space?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a boot like a dry goods store? Ans.—Because it has a counter in it.

☞ Why is it that an elephant carries a trunk? Ans.—Because he's got no carpet bag.

☞ A Grammatical Con.—Why does a door generally stand in the subjunctive mood? Ans. —Because it is mostly wood, or should be.

☞ When is a fish like a bird? Ans.—When it takes a fly.

☞ Why is an egg like a horse? Ans.—Because it is not useable till broken.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, war, science, and the useful arts. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Martin Van Buren's Sub-Treasury Bill. RIDDLE—The letter E. CHARADE—Handkerchief. ANAGRAMS — Upper Sandusky—Portsmouth—Lebanon—West Union—Wilmington—Somerset—Coshocton—Bellefontaine—Hillsboro. MENSURATION QUESTION—The described corn crib will yield 613¼ bushels of shelled corn, and it will take 515 feet and nearly 2 inches of board to make the cubical box.

☞ They pass best over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink.—*Queen Elizabeth.*